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Cambria Freeman.

JAS. C. HASSON, Editor and Proprietor.

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A SUMMER SHOWER.

Patter, patter on the pane—
Hear the melancholy rain,
As it falls with sad refrain!
Nature's face is bathed in tears—
E'en our own full sad appears.
Yet to Heaven's will we bow,
Though we're weather-bound just now.
Patter, patter on the pane—
Hear the melancholy rain.

Patter, patter on the pane—
Hear the soft, refreshing rain,
As it falls with glad refrain:
Nature's creatures, one and all,
Seem the gladder for its fall.
See the daisies how they smile,
Though so sad and parched erewhile!
Patter, patter on the pane—
'Tis a soft, refreshing rain.

Patter, patter on the pane—
Now no more we hear the rain.
Lo! the sunshine reappears;
God is smiling through the tears.
Thus, though life may have its shower,
'Tis directed by His power.
Though it patter on the pane,
Though it fall with sad refrain,
God is smiling through the rain.

—Rev. F. S. Corbett, in Golden Days.

ON THE SUNSET TRAIL.

The Fate That Befell a Faithful Mail Carrier.

Danny Redmond was the mail carrier on the Sunset trail, and he fully realized the importance of his position. Traffic might stagnate, civilization might pall, but the United States mail must go right ahead, and on schedule time at that. As for the Sunset trail, it wound its way far over the dreary plains of Kansas, across the Cimmarron, and on and on into the great state of the Lone Star.

But Danny's route only extended to Crooked Creek, a town consisting of a grocery store. At this time the population of Ford county could have been easily corralled on a quarter section, and had comfortable standing room at that. Danny was an apostle to these lone settlers, and only one who has experienced the appalling loneliness of existence in those thinly-peopled plains, where you can see your next-door neighbor's shanty on clear days only, can realize the joy with which they heralded this blue-eyed, brown-haired bunch of turbulence.

"Two o'clock," would comment some unkempt denizen, consulting the sun. "Danny'll be here in ten minutes."

Then they would look till their eyes ached afar to where the Sunset trail tipped over the roll of prairie at the horizon. Soon their watching would be rewarded, and steadily and swiftly would the bay mare, Dolly, bear her rider down the trail in that swinging, indefatigable gallop of the mustang.

Perchance some settler coming into the post office would appreciate the best side of the road and jog along in the path that Danny chose.

"Git out o' the way of the United States mail!" would come the warning, and he would prudently "git" to the other side of the road, for Danny could and would shoot, and, besides, didn't he have everyone of those fellows down at the office to stand at his back to the last shot? So no matter how much of a fire eater the obstructer might be, he switched off when the carrier demanded the right of way.

And that was often. For that lad had the idea inculcated into his bing that all other powers, terrestrial and celestial, were secondary considerations when the United States mail was concerned, and he seized every opportunity to exercise his authority.

How longingly and expectantly those eager pioneers would watch the letters distributed! Though, perhaps, they had no grounds for expecting a letter, yet their hope did not sink until the last one was put away.

Then the return mail would be made up, and at the exact minute Danny would vault into the large Mexican saddle—almost as large as he or Dolly—and with the all-potent mail securely strapped to the girdles on each side, he would recommence his long ride, never stopping as he tried a flying shot at some unwieldy rattlesnake that had dragged its mottled form out on the trail to loll in the sun, and who would not be able to wiggle into the tall grass ere the United States mail was upon him. Along the route the settlers would come out of their shanties half bent and wave their sombreros and cheer the buoyant rider.

Wabash was the only stop. It was of the same importance as Crooked Creek, only there were two houses instead of one, or rather, a double house; for the owners of the claims that joined up there occupied a shanty of two compartments, one on each claim. Somehow or other the scamp would sit straighter in the saddle and pull Dolly's head up higher when they approached Wabash, and a pretty little peach of a girl would come out and chat with the carrier while her spectacled father's attention was riveted on the letter package. Dolly would probably think that Danny was getting rather weighty on one side as he bent low in the saddle, dangerously close to that pink sun bonnet. And the scoffing gopher that sat up conveniently close to his burrow would wonder for what reason a fellow would want to bite a pretty girl like her. But Rosie didn't seem to mind the punishment a bit. Ah, I fear Danny would feign have lingered longer at the unprepossessing post of Wabash, but—the United States mail must be carried on.

One day a cowboy came into the fort with a jaded mustang and a slash across his cheek and reported that he had been chased by a band of Arapahoes. These children of nature had grown insolent with well feeding and little work. They often became thus at irregular intervals, and breaking from the reservation swept north upon the the scattered settlers of the plains, considerably depopulating those sparsely inhabited districts. Their great father in Washington, they complained, was not giving them enough blankets, and, in consequence, they were compelled to trade their moccasins for "fire water."

Danny was preparing to start upon his route when the news came.

"You oughtn't to go, Dan," they said, "for they'll strike right up the Cimmarron like they allays do, an' mor'n likely fall afoul of you. If you do your scalp'll dangle from some red nigger's belt before mornin'."

"I'm not skeert," replied he, settling himself in the saddle, "and, besides, the folks at Wabash and at the Crick ought to be warned. And you know the mail has to go as long as it's anyways possible."

The spur touched Dolly's flank more often than usual, but she kept up bravely, and Danny clattered into Wabash ahead of time. Imparting the alarming intelligence to old man Beck, the postmaster, and cautioning him to get the family ready and start for the post without further delay, he rode on toward Crooked Creek.

"Jewhillakers!" exclaimed one of the watchers. "What's Danny ridin' so all-fired fast about? Must be suthin' up."

They soon knew, and scattered for their respective claims to prepare for flight ere the storm burst.

Danny clinched the saddle tighter and looked to his weapon ere he mounted for the home ride. He was not afraid. Had he been a coward he would have remained safely at the fort. But an ominous dread fell upon him as he thought of the dark Cimmarron. He arrived at Wabash and looked in at the open door of the Beck and Lartan households. Everything was topsy-turvy as left in the hurry of departure.

"Well, Rosie is safe anyway," he confided to Dolly, with a sigh.

Their flying shadows grew longer and longer, and finally night dropped on the plains. Before him loomed the Cimmarron. He could see the misty vapor rolling up like smoke.

"If they're anywhere they'll be down there," he mused. "They'll want to lay along the trail and catch some of the settlers makin' for Dodge. Wonder if I hadn't better cross further down?"

It was a good idea, and he turned Dolly from the trail and directed his course further down the river.

The reins changed from right to left as he entered the mist, and his right fell upon the protruding butt of a revolver in his belt. A twig cracked under the horse's feet and gave the rider a start. Down into the waters of the Cimmarron they splashed. Dolly pulled at the rein.

"No, no, Doll; can't drink this time," he murmured.

He climbed the bank on the opposite side and rode out on the plain, breathing easier.

"Spang!"

Dolly bolted forward, and a flame of light flashed in the darkness up the river.

"Yip-yip-yip!" It was the war cry of the Arapahoes. The fight and flight was on. With a yell of defiance he fired at the dark mass tearing after him, and bending low over the saddle horn spoke encouragingly to the horse:

"Dolly, if you ever run, do it now. You're faster than any of them, Dolly, if you'll only try—look out for gopher hills—that's a good horse. Whew! that one was close. Now you're gettin' down to it, Dolly. We'll beat the red devils yit. On, Doll. Remember, we've got the mail, and it must be saved. Here's the trail. Now see how fast you can run. Ouch! Oh, God, I'm hit, and hit home at that. It's all with you, Dolly; it's all with you."

And he clung to the saddle horn and gave the mustang free rein.

Horse sense: we hear it alluded to in a jocular way. Did Dolly realize that in her fleet feet lay her master's only salvation? I think so, you may not. But she ran like a frightened antelope, hardly seeming to touch the ground, while Danny with closed eyes and clenched teeth clung to the saddle horn with the desperation of death.

"Halt, who comes there?" challenged the guard as a horse and rider came lounging into the fort.

"The United States mail," came the faint reply, and Dolly galloped up with blood in her nostrils, and blood on her flanks, quivering like an aspen.

"Dan, are you hurt?" queried the soldier, lifting him from the saddle.

"I'm hit dead," he replied, with a moan. They carried him into the barrack-room and the surgeon was summoned, but there was no hope, he said. It was a wonder he had lived as long as he had. Soon the news spread to the camp, and the rough soldiers and fugitive settlers gathered around him, watching with breathless interest for the end to come. A girl came pushing her way through the crowd—a scared-faced girl, wringing her hands in agony. She bent down and took the sufferer's hand.

"Rosie," said he, with a pained smile, "I'm a goner, I guess. Good-by, Rosie; you can have Dolly, and take good care of her, for she did all she could to save me. Good-by, boys. Yonder's the Cimmarron. That's a good horse, Dolly."

"Delirium," said the surgeon.

"Get out of the way of the United States mail—"

The end came. Another daring spirit had passed along that unknown trail that leads through the dark, dreary desert of death.—Charles Maurice Crayton, in Chicago Inter Ocean.

Equals.

Every incident should be welcomed which, in a country where offended "honor" must be satisfied by questionable means, tends to make the practice of dueling absurd. Many a sensible man has escaped the lifelong remorse attendant on "bringing down his man" by the simple method of throwing cold water on the person's injured sensibilities in the beginning.

One day, a distinguished notary, while breakfasting with a friend at a cafe in Paris, indulged in some stinging comments on the public acts of Marshal Marmont. Suddenly, another gentleman, dining at a neighboring table, rose and approached them, his mustache bristling with anger.

"Sir," cried he, tragically, "you shall give me satisfaction!"

"Are you Marshal Marmont?" quietly asked the notary.

"I have not that honor," was the reply, "but I am his chief aide-de-camp."

"Give me your card, then, sir," said the notary. "I will send you my head clerk."—Youth's Companion.

This May Be New to You.

It is impossible to fill a glass completely with any liquid, from rim to center. The most common fluids—such as water, milk or spirit—are attracted by the sides of the vessel into which they are placed so that they rise around the brim, leaving a hollow in the middle. Hence a cup filled to the point of overflow with any of these liquids is not absolutely full, though it appears to be so at the edge. Fluids on the other hand, which do not adhere, or are not attracted upwards by the sides of the vessel, sink round the brim and rise in the center. Thus mercury in a glass forms a convex surface, while water forms a concave.

PUNISHING A THIEF.

How a Burglar Was Very Cleverly Trapped.

As a member of the "special staff" to whom is intrusted the duty of dealing with telegraph business at race meetings and other events of irregular and itinerary occurrence, I have visited most towns of any importance in England, and have been a spectator of, and in some cases a participator in, some curious incidents, one of which I propose to relate here. Many of the most successful meetings, from a racing-man's point of view, are those held at places otherwise of very little size or importance. As an example, it will be sufficient to mention Epsom. It was to a town in the Midlands ordinarily containing about six thousand inhabitants, that I, with five colleagues, including a supervisor, was ordered in the autumn of 187-. The event was a two-day race meeting. The first day was fine, with occasional showers; the racing was good; and as a large company was present, we had enough to do not only at the grand stand, but also later in the evening at the town office, whence we dispatched a large quantity of press-work by means of a "Wheatstone," which had been sent for the purpose. It was eleven o'clock before we finished, and we then had a good half-hour's walk to our lodgings.

The second day was awful. Rain fell in torrents the whole afternoon. Of course the programme was carried out; but, beyond official results and "received" messages, we had very little to do. It is the only day I can remember during which our boss did not stir out of the office. He generally contrived to have some business to transact outside about the time fixed for each race. This day, however, the persistent downpour was too much for him. After the third race, he sent me to one of the reporters on some business. I found my man in the weighing-room, a small temporary wooden shed at the back of Tattersall's ring.

When I entered, the jockeys were being weighed in, and there was apparently some difficulty or dispute, as the process was an unusually protracted one. I waited, leaning against the back wall of the shed, and as I did so, became conscious of voices whispering outside. I caught the words: "A bloke with a big red nose and one eye;" and my attention was arrested at once, for this was a description of our counter-clerk. I listened attentively and with increasing astonishment. The voices were those of two men; and the gist of their conversation was that a plot which had been formed to rob our office of the cashbox on the previous day had failed, owing to the fact that Harper, our counter-clerk, had taken the box into town early in the afternoon, instead of, as was the practice, at the conclusion of racing. He had, however, been closely watched, and seen to place the box in the local postmaster's safe at the town office. The safe was in the room in which we worked in the evening, and was an old-fashioned, almost obsolete contrivance. All our movements must have been very diligently followed, as the men knew not only the exact position of the safe with respect to the doors and windows, but also at what hour we closed the office, and the whereabouts of our lodgings. They had also ascertained that no one remained during the night in or near the room where the safe was.

The upshot of the conversation, which occupied less time than it has taken me to relate it, was that the town office was to be entered that night as soon after we had gone as would be considered safe. Entrance was to be effected from the back yard, through the window of a small room adjoining the larger one in which we worked. Further details I failed to overhear, as the dispute at the weighing-chair, which had gradually grown warmer, now waxed loud and furious. Taking advantage of the noise I slipped out and hurried to the office. Taking the boss to one side, I told him all. He was for informing the police at once, and having the place guarded and the thieves scared off; but, after a lot of persuasion, I talked him over, convincing him how much more to his credit it would redound if he himself captured the robbers red-handed and unaided by the police. I expounded to him a plan, the main idea of which had struck me at the first moment, to which he listened attentively, and occasionally smiled approvingly. When I ended he said: "It would do very well but for one thing. It involves three of us remaining concealed in the office."

I assented.

"You say they watched us leave last night," he went on, "six of us? What will they think if only three leave to-night?"

I was nonplussed.

"I rather like the idea," resumed the boss; "but I think we should have help. Suppose we get a couple of Schinken's men?"

Sergeant Schinken was a kind of semi-public, semi-private officer with a staff of men, who were largely employed by race committees in the task of preserving order in the inclosures, and including bad and doubtful characters. They traveled about from meeting to meeting like ourselves, and in this way a sort of intimacy sprang up.

"Oh, they'd just be as bad as the locals," I said. "They'd want to boss the whole affair, and very likely spoil it. I'll tell you what: I'll ask three young fellows I know to come and have a game of cards at our diggins to-night. I'll tell them to call for us at the office half an hour or so before we close. At closing time we can make some excuse, and send them off with our own three men, whilst you, Harper and I remain."

He still hesitated. I could see he was again more than half inclined to let the police deal with the matter. Of course his responsibility was heavy; and should anything go wrong, he would certainly be severely censured. I had, however, the utmost confidence in my plan, and would or could see no possibility of failure; so that, eventually, I succeeded in gaining his consent. This done, I was only anxious for the racing to conclude, that we might get down to the town and prepare our surprise party. At five o'clock the final race was run; and an hour later we were hard at it in the town, wiring full accounts of the day's doings. Only the three of us already mentioned knew of the projected attempt and our counter-plan; and we, convinced that we would be overlooked, assumed to the bent of our abilities an ordinary manner and bearing. Harper produced as usual his cash-box and sheets, counted and balanced his account, telling the money, which amounted to about eighty pounds, out on the counter before him. Finally, he replaced it in the box, which he handed to the boss, who placed it in the safe, closing, but not locking, the door.

Meanwhile I had quietly and unobserved procured a box very similar to Harper's, and after partly filling it with some odd pieces of metal I fastened one end of a long wire to its brass handle. I prepared another similar piece of wire. Ostensibly for working purposes, I had gathered all the batteries at our command underneath the counter, and when the work was over I quietly knelt down and joined them all together in series. At the same time I fastened one end of my spare wire to the negative pole of this monster battery, and then standing up and leaning over the counter succeeded, unnoticed, in attaching the other end of the wire to a narrow brass rail which ran along the top edge of the counter. I must explain that in order to reach the safe from the pantry door, as we called it, it was necessary to pass almost the entire length of this counter, and of course to repass it in returning.

The hour for closing arrived. My three friends had been waiting some time. Everything being ready the boss sent our three colleagues home, saying we would follow shortly. The three guests went with them. It was still raining and they hurried off. The gas was immediately turned off, and I at once opened the safe and removed the cash box, which Harper put in a place of safety, and substituted the one I had prepared with the length of wire. There was plenty of slack wire, which we brought round the back of the safe, over the other end of the counter, fastening the free end to the positive pole of the battery.

All was now ready. We hid behind the counter and waited. Harper, who was very bitter against the thieves on account of their unflattering description of himself, took up his place close to the Wheatstone transmitter, a clock-work machine driven by heavy weights, and capable of attaining a very high speed.

An hour passed. It struck twelve. The rain was still beating against the windows. I was stiff and cold and weary, and was beginning to wish we had called in the police, when I heard something a trifle louder than the rain at the pantry window. There was a quick scratching sound like a nail drawn across a slate, and immediately after we heard the window latch slipped back and the sash quietly raised. The men were certainly expert at their work. Had we not been alert and expecting them, we should not have heard their operations. In a few moments the pantry door opened with a gentle creak, and the marauder was in the room. We held our breath. Confident in his knowledge, the man had no light save what came from the windows. He approached the safe, and could not altogether suppress an exclamation of surprise and delight at finding it open. He was destined for more surprise and less delight shortly. Peeping carefully over the counter, I could just discern him in the dim light, with the box in his right hand, turning to retrace his steps. As I had anticipated, and indeed reckoned on, he stretched out his empty left hand to guide himself along the counter, and—seized the brass rail. As he did so the full force of the battery struck him. "Blazes!" he shouted, or rather yelled out. He tried to let go the rail, but in vain. Then he tried to drop the cash box, but that stuck to him too. He began to hop about, and stamp, and groan, and swear, and pray continually and all at once. We could hear the cash box thump and rattle against the floor or counter as the current jerked his arm spasmodically to and fro.

At this point Harper quietly turned on the transmitter and pushed the lever over to top speed. Anyone who has heard an instrument of this description set in motion at its maximum speed knows what a sensation of coming disaster is given by the rapidly increasing revolution of a score of wheels which gather speed and force and noise until it seems as if the whole machine will burst up by excess of velocity. Imagine the effect this had on the nerves of the man already in the grip of some mysterious, unfightable agony. Of course he jumped to the conclusion that the noise indicated some fresh increase of his torments. He began to scream for mercy. "Oh-h-h! Help me! Murder! Oh, gentlemen, stop it! Don't kill me! Help! Help!" He writhed and struggled, fell on his knees, and, by an enormous effort, tore the rail from its place; but the battery wire still held on. For a time his cries and struggles redoubled; but at last he lay exhausted on the floor. I then turned off the current and we turned on the gas. There lay our man, his face gray and distorted as though he had had a fit. He was quite young. After he had somewhat recovered he begged hard to be let go, gasping out: "You've done it hard enough on me."

After some hesitation the boss decided to let him go. I fancy he was not quite at his ease as to how his action would be regarded by the department. Another reason was that the second man had got clean away. He had been waiting outside; but on hearing the disturbance and his pal's cries had fled and left him.

The man was grateful for his release and walked slowly and heavily away. He was evidently severely shaken, and I should scarcely think would ever try to rob a telegraph office again.—Chambers' Journal.

Empty Boom Towns.

There are twenty well-built towns in Kansas without a single inhabitant to waken the echoes of their deserted streets. Saratoga has a thirty-thousand-dollar opera house, a large brick hotel, a twenty-thousand-dollar schoolhouse and a number of fine business houses, and yet there is nobody to even claim a place to sleep. At Fargo a twenty-thousand-dollar schoolhouse stands on the side of the hill, a monument to the bond-voting craze. A herder and his family are the sole population of what was once an incorporated city. This is a sad commentary on unhealthy booms. Those Kansas towns, like Wichita, advertised themselves as phenomenal boom cities. For awhile "everything was lovely and the goose hung high," but at last dry rot took hold on the boom towns and killed them.

WHEN I AM DEAD.

When I am dead,
The years will come and go
As they do now,
And words I've said
When cares have vexed me so,
Not thinking how
Words cling and cling to life—
Will still live on,
When I am dead.

When I am gone,
The little universe
Which now revolves round me
Will still roll on;
Its order none the worse
That there must be
New center found,
When I am gone.

Life is so short!
Too short for all the good
I plan to do.
But long, I've thought,
When backward-looking God
Calls in review
The hours I've wasted
And the misdeeds done
So thoughtlessly.

While I am here
I would live well the life
I cannot keep,
That in the years
When I have ceased the strife
And sweetly sleep
Some good will live
Because I've been,
Though I am dead.

And in the day
When that dear prayer,
"Thy kingdom come,"
No more we pray;
When freed from care
And from the tomb
My life shall be,
The good I've done
Will still live on
Eternally.

—Frances R. Saunders, in Housekeeper.

CAPTURED BY A LION.

An Adventure With a King of the Indian Jungle.

Among the crowd that gathered about the lion's cage in the Zoological gardens one fine day recently the writer observed a middle-aged gentleman holding by the hand two children of about eight or ten years of age. The gentleman's erect and soldierly bearing betrayed at once his calling, even had not the Victoria cross he wore on his breast done so.

"Was the lion you killed, grandpa, as big as this one?" asked the boy.

"Well, to my frightened eyes, Arthur, he seemed three times the size, but I can truthfully say he was quite as large as this one," replied the old soldier, as the children led him to a seat near by and implored that the story be told them where the big lion could illustrate it as no words could do; and, interested by what I had already heard, I took the liberty of seating myself on the same bench and listening to the rest. The gentleman saw me and understood my desire, but only smiled benevolently and went on.

"You two have heard all about it many times, but I suppose there is nothing for me to do but tell it again. Well, then, in 1875 I obtained a furlough of a month, which, with three other friends, I meant to spend in a grand hunt in the great forest that lay within half a mile of the station where we were camped. I had been in India nearly a year, and was beginning to get tired of the inquiries that came in every letter from England as to whether I had yet killed a tiger. So now I resolved to kill one or know the reason why. But day after day we went further and further into the jungle without meeting any big game that we thought worth pursuing. We had a native with us named Ram Hati, who occasionally warned us that we were getting into a dangerous and unfrequented part of the country which, hunter as he was, he had never penetrated; but this was the very thing we wanted, so pushed on, thinking we must surely run across a tiger soon. One day, a very hot one, that even in the forest nearly prostrated us, we were camped on the bank of a little river Hati called the Nu, and toward the afternoon my friends proposed to take a swim in the stream. I was feeling rather unwell, so did not join them, but remained lying beneath the trees and dozing at intervals. Ram Hati went with the others, and so I was left alone. I had dozed longer than usual when I was awakened by feeling something warm and damp touch my hand, that was thrown out beside me.

"Opening my eyes, to my astonishment I saw a huge beast standing over me, snuffing at my clothes and limbs. 'Here is my tiger at last,' I said. But one glance at the creature's tawny skin, and at the splendid mane that swept the ground, told me that my visitor was not a tiger, but a lion, and a magnificent male at that. He was evidently trying to see if I was dead, for he kept sticking his nose in my face in a way that I might have found comical but for the gravity of the situation. I continued to eye him through my half-shut lids and hoped that he would presently decide to go away. But just here I heard the voices of my companions returning from their bath, and one—a light-headed subaltern—was singing some camp ballad at the top of his voice. The lion paused and listened, and then, in a sudden panic, sprang towards the jungle, and I was congratulating myself on this swift and pleasant termination of my adventure when the royal beast glanced back and our eyes met.

"He gave a roar and then leaped toward me, as if he meant to have me in defiance of the approaching enemy. I closed my eyes at once, but it was too late, and the next moment the lion had fastened his teeth in the sleeve of my coat and was dragging me after him into the thicket. There was no use struggling with the now frightened brute, who would turn and rend me in a moment, so I allowed him to carry me whither he would, for I did not doubt that my friends would be on his trail as soon as they missed me. I helped myself on all I could, for I found that if I lay inert the effort of the animal to drag me over the undergrowth, thorns and fallen boughs would soon rake away every inch of skin from off my body. So I assisted him all I could in getting myself over these obstacles without arousing his ire by being too active.

"In a few minutes he had reached a part of the woods entirely unfamiliar to me. It looked as if it had once been the scene of an earthquake or some violent behavior of some sort on the part of nature, for the ground was torn up in some spots as if by a giant plow, and in others rose heaps of rock that peeped out of a gash in the earth. Here the lion seemed to have its den, though it did not take me to it, but dropped me from sheer fatigue and fell some feet from me to rest, without, however, taking its eyes off me. I glanced about me in hopes of seeing some escape from my captor, or in search of an idea for a weapon, but the only objects that I saw, with the exception of some thorny shrubs, were heaps of sharp-pointed rocks varying in size from bowlders to smaller ones the size of turkey eggs.

"But these suggested nothing until the lion, evidently wearied unto death, began to yawn. As he turned to me his capacious jaws, blinking lazily as he stretched them, I seized the idea to which I will always believe I owed my life. The one accomplishment that I could lay claim to was that of throwing. I was the crack thrower of the regiment, and had often killed my bird on the wing. This accomplishment was to stand me in good stead now, for gathering a stone about the size of a coffee cup I waited for the lion's next gape; and when I could see half way down the enormous red gullet I hurled my rock straight into it. With a smothered cry that broke off into a gasp, the animal closed its jaws and tried to evacuate the obstruction from its throat. But my aim had been sure, and the stone lodged right in the gullet. The beast then sprang to its feet and began to paw the earth, and tried to roar. It spied me, and guessed at once the author of its misery. With a piteous attempt at avenging itself, it flew toward me, but as I jumped aside, dreading its dying agony, the stone did its work, and the superb creature fell over, kicking and clawing in its struggle for breath. I could not help but pity it as it turned its bloodshot eyes on the rocks and forest where it would never more reign, and with a final defiance of death sprang into the air to fall back dead almost at my feet. I started back to the camp, and about half way met my friends coming to seek me. When they arrived at camp and found me missing they had not felt alarmed, thinking I had probably changed my mind about a bath and sought the nearest bend in the river. It was when my absence grew too prolonged to exclude the idea of this being the cause of my stay that they sought for some indications of the way I had gone. When I told them of having killed the lion the tale was laughed at, but prevailing on them to accompany me to the spot where I had left the carcass, they saw that I had spoken the truth. I have often been praised for my courage and presence of mind in this affair, but what I did was not the outcome of these qualities, but of desperation and born of necessity, which you know is the mother of invention."—London (Eng.) Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

THE STORY OF A GEM.

A Beautiful Emerald That Had an Interesting History.

At the Weddell house there is a horseman staying. That horseman has an emerald the size of a thumbnail and the emerald has a history. He bears the gem on his black necktie, and this is its story: Back in '49 he was coaching between Sacramento and San Francisco. His partner had a beautiful pin, an emerald of great size, surrounded with diamonds. The man at the Weddell house wanted the pin and finally traded with his partner, giving a team of horses in exchange. He then took the pin to a San Francisco jeweler and asked his opinion. The jeweler smiled as he looked at the stone, took a little tool out and detached the emerald from the setting. It proved to be two pieces of glass cemented together with a piece of green paper between. The man who owned the pin was mad. He was also flush, so he told the jeweler to put in an emerald to match the glass in size and color and it was done at an expense of seven hundred dollars.

The partner who had cheated his friend liked to bet on a sure thing, and fixed it up with a pal to bet the owner of the pin that it was false. They all met in a barroom at San Francisco, and the pal said to the supposed dupe: "Jim, you like that pin you got in a trade with Abe, but I'll bet it's no good."

Jim acted the indignant, said his own partner would not cheat him, and offered a modest bet.

"'Taint 'nuff," said the pal. "Make it an even $500 and I'll go you."

"Oh," said Jim, carelessly, "if you want a big bet make it a clean $1,000 and put up the dust."

The money was staked and the whole crowd went out to a jewelry store up the street. The pin was presented and was pronounced one of the finest emeralds on the Pacific slope. Abe nearly dropped in his tracks, for he furnished the money secretly to his pal, and the other poor fellow who made the bet was paralyzed.

"There must be some mistake," he said; "let's try another jeweler." They did, and the verdict of the second expert was that the stone was genuine. Jim pocketed his thousand and said quietly to his partner: "Abe, I'm just $300 ahead on that little deal of yours. I'm going to open a few bottles of champagne for the boys."—St. Louis Chronicle.

Virginia and the Fair.

The Virginia world's fair board at a meeting recently considered without coming to any decision the question of duplicating the Mount Vernon building at the Chicago exposition. The suggestion which receives the most consideration is to erect the frame work of timber and cover it with papier-mache. This it is thought would be a very cheap plan and will enable the architect to retain all of the original designs of the structure. It is thought that enterprising lumbermen will contribute sufficient timber to erect the building free of charge. The house at Mount Vernon is a wooden one; it is not weather-boarded, but the sides are framed and panelled. The panels could, it is thought, be reproduced in papier-mache and made to appear very much like the original. It is very probable that the design will be carried out.

Columbus Ship.

A vessel which is intended to be an exact copy of the Santa Maria, on which Christopher Columbus made his first voyage to America, is being built with the greatest activity at the government yard at "La Carraca." As soon as the Spanish centenary feasts are over, the vessel is to sail for New York.

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, CAMBRIA CO., PA.

FRIDAY, - SEPTEMBER 2, 1892.

Democratic National Ticket.

For President,
GROVER CLEVELAND, New York.
For Vice-President,
ADLAI STEVENSON, Illinois.

Democratic State Ticket.

For Congressman at Large.
GEORGE A. ALLEN, Erie.
THOMAS P. MERRITT, Berks.

For Supreme Judge.
CRISTOPHER HEYDRICK, Venango.

For Electors at Large.
MORTIMER F. ELLIOTT, Tioga.
JNO. C. BULLITT, Philadelphia.
THOMAS B. KENNEDY, Franklin.
DAVID T. WILSON, Allegheny.

For District Electors.

Samuel G. Thompson,
Adam S. Conway,
W. Redwood Wright,
John O. James,
James Duffey,
S. W. Trimmer,
Azur Lathrop,
Thomas Chalfant,
P. H. Strubinger,
Joseph D. Orr,
Andrew A. Payton,
Michael Liebel,
J. K. P. Hall.

Clement R. Wainright
Charles H. Lafferty,
George R. Guss,
William Molan,
Charles D. Breck,
Samuel S. Leiby,
F. C. Hipple,
W. D. Hummelright,
H. B. Piper,
Charles A. Fagan,
John D. Braden,
Thomas McDowell,

Democratic County Ticket.

For Congress.
L. D. WOODRUFF.
(Subject to the Decision of the Democratic Congressional Conference.)
For Senate.
GEORGE E. CONRAD.
Subject to the Decision of the Democratic Senatorial Conference.)
For Assembly.
S. W. ALLEN.
JAMES J. THOMAS.
For Prothonotary.
J. C. DARBY.
For Register and Recorder.
D. A. McGOUGH.
For District Attorney.
F. J. O'CONNOR.
For Poorhouse Director.
RAPHAEL HITE.
For Surveyor.
H. SCANLAN.

GOVERNOR PECK, of Wisconsin, was once an humble printer.

CHOLERA having been carried to England and Scotland, great apprehensions are felt in New York, Philadelphia and other American ports, and preparations are being made to isolate all sick passengers as soon as they reach our shores. Physicians say that it is hardly possible to keep the scourge out of our country. Thousands are dying daily in many places on the other continent and the dread disease continues to spread.

THE CAMPAIGN is booming in Chicago. One night last week 1,000 aliens took the oath of allegiance and secured their final naturalization papers. It is claimed that no great effort to complete the naturalization of aliens and secure the registration of foreign-born citizens entitled to vote has ever been made in Chicago, and that as a result of the unprecedented work in that direction now being done at least 75,000 names will be added to the voting lists. Two-thirds of the new voters are said to be Democrats.

ALL who desire to vote on November 8th, must be registered on or before September 8th, that being the last day for registering. Under the law, the voter must make personal application to the assessor to have his name added to the list of voters. The assessors will be present at the election house of each district on Wednesday, Sept. 7th, and Thursday, Sept. 8th, between the hours of ten A. M. and three P. M. and from 6. P. M. to 9 P. M. of each of said days, for the purpose if hearing and acting upon applications for assessment and registry.

ONE effect of the industrial troubles of the present summer has been to direct attention to the militia system of the several states. Aside from that of our own state, which is confessedly unrivalled in perfection of organization and discipline, the test of experience has shown that there is room for improvement in various important essentials. A well regulated militia being indispensable to the maintenance of public order, it will devolve onthe Legislatures of various states to see that their respective military establishment shall be put on proper footing for future emergencies.

EX PRESIDENT CLEVELAND writes Secretary John D. Worman of the Democratic Society of Pennsylvania as follows:

"The Pennsylvania plan for the formation of Democratic societies throughout your state meets my hearty approval, and it is hoped that my friends everywhere will adopt it and proceed at once to form their local organizations. I am satisfied that effective co-operation and dissemination of Democratic principles can be more certainly and speedily secured in this way than in any other that has been suggested, and it will afford me pleasure to render you all the assistance in my power in the prosecution of your work. I trust that in Pennsylvania, at least, the resolution of the State Democratic committee passed advising and enjoining the people everywhere to enroll themselves in primary Democratic societies, will be promptly and generally obeyed."

CONGRESSMAN OATES, in an article in the September number of the *North American Review*, discussing the labor troubles at Homestead and the results of high tariff, says: It has induced the investment of capital in the manufacture of iron and steel until by this unnatural stimulus over-production has resulted. It disturbs the laws of trade—of supply and demand—and by thus producing more than there is a demand for prices are driven down and a necessity is created for cutting down the expenses of the manufacturer and it may be the wages of labor included. In this way the protective tariff disappoints the laboring man and becomes the parent of trusts, combines, strikes and lockouts. The manufacturer, no more than the laborer, can help it, though he is largety responsible for it. He asks Congress for the protection he receives and must bear the consequences. It disturbs and disappoints labor, while professing to protect and foster it.

THE Republicans have a more expeditious way of raising campaign funds, says the Philadelphia *Herald*, than the slow process of handing around the hat for voluntary contributions from the people. The fat frying process brings funds by the bulk from capitalists who are grateful for tariff favors and expect a continuance of them. People who have a large money interest in the tariff don't stop with a few dollars when called upon to contribute for the success of the tariff party, but give with a liberality proportioned to the profits which they expect to make out of a system that protects their monopolies.

There is the American Tariff League, for example a body of gentlemen to many of whom a tariff is a matter of large individual profit. Its 1500 members have been called on to contributa $100 each, and this in the aggregate will amount to $150,000, a very nice sum indeed to be placed at the disposal of Chairman Carter for campaign use. The Democrats can hand around the hat for months without getting a fraction of that amount.

In addition to the hundred dollar contributors there are the big millionaires of the Carnegie order who clear fortunes every year from their tariff advantages. Each of these will furnish enough to carry a doubtful state if it can be managed to put the money where it will do the most good. The tariff system which has enriched them was never before in such danger from the indignant action of those whom it has plundered, and it is necessary for them to surpass their former liberality in supplying the campaign managers with the boodle necessary for the emergency.

Bigger money than was ever before handled by a Republican committee will be at the disposal of Chairman Carter and his assistants, but this should not discourage the plain, honest people from making their modest contributions to the Democratic campaign fund whose object is to disseminate information in regard to this robber system that is building up a class of plutocrats who can afford to give millions for its perpetuation. There is every reason to believe that in this contest it will be the most intelligence and not the most money that is going to win.

MR. POWDERLY is entirely right, says the Philadelphia *Times*, in assuming that if the government taxes the people to protect American labor in our productive industries, the government should have both the power and the purpose to enforce the intent of its own laws.

It is known that most if not all of our protected industries receive protection on their products by tariff taxes levied on consumers, to double, treble, quadruple the additional wages paid labor over the wages of the same labor in Europe. This is simply protection to monopoly and not protection to labor.

When Congress taxes the people for the benefit of American labor, it should see that labor gets the benefit of the taxes thus imposed. Mr. Powderly insists that tariff taxes levied for protection to labor should open such industries to the inspection of the government; and all such taxes not benefiting labor, but pocketed by the employer, should be repealed.

As long as labor will consent to be cheated by tariff taxes on the necessaries of business and life, which are chiefly pocketed by employers, so long will this monstrous abuse of taxation continue. In nearly every important protected industry the tariff taxes are largely in excess of the difference in wages paid here and abroad, and when workmen complain or strike, our free trade in pauper labor enables protected employers to substitute cheaper labor for American workmen. Powderly is right.

THE Allentown *Democrat*, has compiled the following catechism which every one ought to study:

Whom does the tariff benefit?

Rich men.

How does it benefit rich men?

Rich men own the manufacturies, and by means of the tariff get higher prices for the goods they manufacture.

How does this tariff effect laboring men?

They lose by it.

In what way?

They are the chief consumers and are obliged to pay higher for what they consume.

But they receive higher wages on account of the tariff, do they not?

Not as a rule. In the ore beds and stone quarries of Lehigh county these miners and stone workers are now getting only 80 cents per day of eleven hours work, and where they do have a slight increase of wages it is far below the increase in cost of living.

Are not the workingmen better off under tariff protection?

No they are worse off, forth e reason just stated—the balance is against them. The tariff greatly increases the cost of living and does not increase their wages.

But the wealth of the country increases under the tariff, does it not?

Yes, in the aggregate, but the increase is in the hands of the few, thereby dividing the people into two classes—the rich few and the many poor.

WITH the Democratic campaign vigorously pushed upon the lines now laid out, the Republicans will not be free, as heretofore, to concentrate their arts and energies upon New York, Connecticut and Indiana, with a probable dash at the solid South. They must fight for Massachusetts, Rhode Island and New Hampshire in the East, and for half a dozen states in the West which have hitherto been practically conceded to them. The real music of the campaign has not begun yet.

ANDREW CARNEGIE contributed $100,000 to aid Harrison's election four years ago and it is promised that he will double this sum this time. No wonder Mr. Carnegie finds it necessary to cut down the wages of his employees.

Washington Letter.

WASHINGTON, D. C. Aug. 29th, 1892. Secretary Charles Foster brought the most variegated assortment of political rainbows with him when he returned from Ohio that has yet been exposed to the gaze of the public. According to him the national election is already settled and all the money that will be spent between this and the 8th of next November will simply be thrown away. His modesty in making claims is something quite as wonderful as his manipulation of the figures which show, or are supposed to show the amount of cash surplus in the United States Treasury; he is positive that every northern (using the word to represent all except the southern states) state will be carried by Harrison and Reid and at least six of the southern states. It is clear why he does not claim all of the electoral votes. Such a claim would not be a whit more ridiculous than those he has made. He should have known that these absurd claims would cause his rainbow statements about the condition of the Treasury, given out at the same time, to be discredited, as stories, like people, are usually judged by the company they keep.

Mr. Foster's rainbows, which are obviously on a par with the small boy who is "not a bit afraid," but whistles with all his might while going through the dark places, have had a contrary effect to what he intended and expected. "Rainbow Charley," as Mr. Foster is now called, is so well known as a tricky individual, in matters political, that his rosy talk has seriously alarmed many Republicans, who believe that he has discovered some new and very serious danger to the Republican party, and that his stock of rainbows has been brought forward in order to distract attention from this danger. To Democrats Mr. Foster's exhibition is only an amusing show, which although not prepared specially for them, is being greatly enjoyed by them.

There are reasons for the belief that the administration is doing all it can to have the date for the meeting of the international monetary conference set so late in the fall as to make it certain that the result of the conference cannot be known before the Presidential election, in order that Republican stump speakers and editors may have an opportunity to influence votes by pretending to forecast that result. Mr. Harrison and his pupets who are managing this campaign will have a much more exalted opinion of the intelligence of the American voters, on the morning of the 9th, of November, than they appear to have at the present time.

According to the official opinion of the Attorney-General, which suspicion points to having been dictated from Loon Lake, made public this week, the good people of Vicksburg, Mississippi, must continue to have their city postofficer presided over by the notorious negro adventurer whose nomination the Republican Senate declined to confirm. The Attorney-General holds, or at least pretends to, that a failure to confirm the nomination of a postmaster who is in possession of a postoffice before the assembling of the session of Congress which fails to act on the nomination leaves him the legal postmaster until his successor is nominated. If that be good law the Postoffice department from the foundation of the government has been in similar cases acting illegally.

Senator Morgan, of Alabama, is in town. He is an exceedingly strong advocate of retaliation on Canada, and thinks that Mr. Harrison's proclamation should have prohibited the shipment of Canadian goods through the United States.

The Revenue Marine Hospital bureau is taking active measures to prevent the introduction of cholera into our ports by any of the steamship lines running from Hamburg or Havre where the disease is reported to be rapidly spreading. All steamships arriving from those and other foreign ports are to be rigidly inspected and if any traces of the dreaded disease are found they will be quarantined and thoroughly disinfected before being allowed to land their passengers.

The Republicans here are doing lots of talking about breaking the "solid south" this year, but when a Democrat made the rounds offering to wager any part of $5.000 at odds of two to one that Harrison and Reid would not get a single southern state's electoral votes no takers could be found. It is the belief of many shrewed observers that prominent Republicans are doing so much talking about their expecting to carry Southern States with the hope of causing the Democratic managers to lessen their efforts towards carrying the northwestern states.

M.

A Rattler Killed the Children.

ATHENS, Ga., Aug. 25.—A Madison county farmer named Wilson went to the mill to day, leaving his wife and four children contented and happy. Two hours later he returned to find his wife lying on the floor insensible, with the four dead children about her.

When restored to consciousness the mother said she had taken the baby to the spring, leaving the other children in the house. Hearing their cries she put the baby down and hurried back to the house, where she found two dead, the other dying.

The living one said they had been poking their fingers through the crack in the floor and a hen had been pecking at them.

The mother went back to the spring after her baby and found it had fallen in the spring and been drowned. The third child had died when she got back to the house and the mother swooned away. Investigation showed that the supposed hen was a rattlesnake.

Under Wreck and Water.

GREENVILLE, Pa., Aug. 26.—Edward Fisher, chief carpenter and bridge builder of Pittsburg, Shenango and Lake Erie railroad, and Milton Diefenderfer, a conductor, left here on a locomotive to look for washouts in Crawford county, where there had been a waterspout.

The locomotive had just got on a culvert north of Conneautville, when the supports gave away. Fisher and Diefenderfer were precipitated into the water, the locomotive falling on top of them, pinning them fast. For an hour and a half the two men kept their heads above water before they could be cut out. All the time Fisher was giving directions to the workmen, but about 20 minutes after he was cut out he died. Diefenderfer cannot live.

Pinned in an Elevator.

LANCASTER, Aug. 30.—A terrible accident occurred this morning in St. Joseph's Catholic hospital. A sister started to go from the basement to the upper floor on the elevator, and is supposed to have tripped and fell, her body being caught between the elevator and first floor.

Her screams brought aid, but it took an hour's work to extricate her, the elevator being cut to pices. Life was almost extinct when rescued. She cannot recover.

The sister superior refuses to divulge her name at present.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Out on a Strike.

The case of Mr. Sweeney, grand master of the striking switchmen at Buffalo, proves that misfortunes never comes singly. After having to swallow the bitter pill of defeat and humiliate himself by acknowledging to the strikers that the case was irrevocably lost and that they had better go back to work if they could get work, Mr. Sweeney received a terrible thrashing at the hands of one Quinn, a big brawny, two fisted striker—in more ways than one—who was stung by the realization that he had lost his job through adhering to Mr. Sweeney's mistaken policy, fell upon the luckless Sweeney and beat him and kicked him until he was dragged off. The shattered grand master was carried into a drug store in a pitiful plight. His nose was broken, his eyes were blacked, and he was bruised and battered all over. After his wounds had been dressed he was about to proceed to his hotel when he was met by Mr. Quinn who still thirsted for blood and volunteered to give his ex-chief some more of the same medicine if he would step outside. Behind Mr. Quinn was a half hundred other ex-strikers who also clamored for Mr. Sweeney's gore. A squad of policemen was summoned who wispersed the mob and Mr. Sweeney was conducted in safety to his hotel where he probably thought on the ups and downs of a grand master's career, and doubtless promised himself to let somebody else lead the next strike.

A Short Honeymoon.

An Atlanta (Ga.,) dispatch says: A honeymoon was curiously ended in the city prison last night. Tuesday, Mr. Gus Allen and Miss Jennie Barlow ran away from the home of the latter and were married. The affair was kept secret until last night, when Allen told his father. The wedding did not meet with his parent's approval, and they reproached him. The young man suddenly began to act as mad. He became furious and mad, and declared that he intended ending his own life. No sooner had he uttered the words than he drew a pistol and retreating from his father placed the weapon against his chin. Before he could pull the triger the old gentleman sprang forward and knocked the pistol to one side. The act saved the maniac's life. The contents of the gun were buried in the ceiling after tearing away a portion of the index finger of the young man's left hand. Allen resisted the officers, and six men were necessary to take him from the wagon and lock him up. A few minutes later his bride of a day appeared, and her grief was most distressing. This morning it was so evident that the insanity into which he was thrown by the disapproval of his marriage was so real that it was decided to put him in a lunatic asylum.

Millions in Iron.

The Itaska Iron Mining company was formed at Chicago on Tuesday with a capital stock of $5,000,000. Some 4,500 acres of mining property have been purchased. This property is mostly located from 75 to 100 miles from Duluth. Extensive mills and works are to be erected, and an attempt will be made to prove that the iron ore can be handled where mined and shipped as the finished product cheaper than the raw material can be shipped east and there handled. Should this prove to be the case, the Itasca Iron Company is expected to prove a strong competitor with the Carnegie company and all others of that class.

At the same time and place the Rarrett Mining Company, with a capital stock of $1,000,000, was also organized to operate near the Bethseda Range, alongside of the Itaska Iron Company's works.

Among the men interested in the companies are ex-Governor Campbell and Allen W. Thurman, of Ohio. New York capital is behind the scheme,

Pennsylvania 100 Years Ago.

Pennsylvania 100 years ago had a population of 434,373. Now, 100 years later, it has 5,250,014, twelve times as many. When the first census was taken Virginia was the most populous state in the Union and Pennsylvania second. Now Virginia is 15th. Virginia was a proud and haughty commonwealth, which accounts, no doubt, for her fall. Pennsylvania is still second and has not wavered from that place except twice in 1810 and 1820, when she was third. New York started in at the fifth place, but since 1820 has led the procession. Pennsylvania is gaining on her, however, and may yet lead the procession.

A Large List.

PITTSBURG, Aug. 30.—Secretary Lovejoy, of the Carnegie steel company, was asked to-day how many Homestead strikers would be prosecuted for riot. He replied: "I cannot tell how many more informations will be made in all, nor can I say how many more informations will be sworn out next week. The matter is almost wholly in the hands of our attorneys. They have the list of persons liable to charges and when they have examined the evidence the suits will be entered. I can tell you, however, that a good many informations will be made. The attorneys have a list of 800 to choose from, and we have evidence against all.

THE officials of the Clinton Iron and Steel Company, Pittsburg, have nolified some of their old employes that their services will not be needed in future. The mill will soon start up after seven months' idleness, and the firm propcses to reduce the wages of some of the high-priced men. If the Amalgamated Association refuse to allow their men to accept the cut, nonunionists will be put in their places. The McKinley bill attachment for keeping up wages is not in good working order in the iron and steel industries. Some of the cogs are broken.

JOHN HARRISON was buried at Greenville, Pa., a week ago, having died, it was supposed a natural death. A few days since, however, Callie Richardson, a simple-minded servant, told a neighbor that she had been bribed to buy a bottle of laudanum for Mrs. Cochran, Harrison's daughter, who lived with him and to whom he had willed his money. The servant said that Mrs. Cochran had poisened her father. A coroner is now investigating.

NEWS AND OTHER NOTINGS.

—Mrs. Richard King, of Corpus Christi, Tex., owns 700,000 acres and 103,000 head of cattle and horses.

—Ex-State Senator Case and ex-Chairman of the Democratic Committee E. P. Kisner have purchased a controlling interest in the Hazelton *Standard*. Kisner will be editor.

—The lands included in the territory known as the Cherokee Land Strip were given to that tribe of Indians in 1821 in exchange for their lands in Georgia and Alabama.

—There is a certain hill in the South of Bohemia on whose top, if an equinoctial sundial be duly erected, a man that is stone blind may know the hour of the day by the same if the sun shines.

—Tokio, the principal city and capital of Japan, was formerly known as Yeddo. It is a very old city, and August 26, 1889, the people of that city celebrated the three hundredth anniversary of its founding

—During the last financial year a profit was made in the Scotch prisons of £4,033 out of the labor of the prisoners. The expenditure for implements and material was £7,596, while the receipts amounted to £11,630.

—Bewteen January 1, 1890, and June 30, 1891, 7,150,350 silver dollars were coined in the United States mints. The total value of the production of silver in the United States from 1881 to 1890, inclusive, was $484,055,000.

—George Johnston, who escaped from jail at Washington some time since, was arrested one day last week at Columbus, Ohio. Johnson escaped by sawing the bars with saws furnished by moonshiners in whose employ he had been.

—There are two observable places belonging to Asia, both lying under the same meridian, and off a small distance from each other, and yet the respective inhabitants of them in reckoning their time differ an entire day every week.

—The total work performed by the human body during five hours of mountain climbing is equal to 1,326,000 foot-pounds, not counting other forces exerted, which Dr. Bucheister says will run the grand total up to 1,380,000 foot-pounds.

—It is calculated that five million dollars has been sent to the United States from Mexico in payment for grain imported. Merchants who have refrained from importing owing to the high rate of exchange find their stock now exhausted and will be obliged to import soon.

—There is a remarkable place of the earth of very pure and wholesome air yet of such a strange and detestable quality that it is absolutely impossible for two of the best friends that ever breathed to continue in the same, in mutual love and friendship, for the space of two minutes.

—John Hesper, a hammerman, of Pittsburg, was found early Saturday morning lying dead on the B. & O. railroad track near Sandy Creek. He had been run over by a train, but an investigation showed his death had been caused by wounds on the head not due to the cars passing over him. It was also found that he had been robbed of his watch and $50 in money. The police are at work on the case.

—A special from Wellsboro, Pa., says: By the giving away on Monday morning of the bridge over Pine creek, at Blickwells, sixteen miles south of here, John Scudder, Oliver Baily and a four horse team they were driving were precipitated a distance of twenty feet into the creek below. Scudder was probably fatally and Baily badly hurt. Two of the horses were killed and the other two badly hurt.

—During a picnic near Jenkintown, Pa., on Saturday night, Thomas Donoughue and Edward Dillon quarrelled about a woman. Friends separated them before they came to blows. Later in the evening Dillon approached Donghue and without warning struck him in the neck. Donghue fell to the ground insensible and died within an hour. Dillon was arrested and the coroner committed him to Norristown jail.

—A most distressing accident occurred at Brookside colliery on Monday morning, which involved the loss of two lives. Bart Fleming and William McGrath, of Tremont, two miners engaged in the most hazardous work about the mines, that of robbing pillars, had been at work but an hour when they were caught by the sudden running of a pillar and instantly killed. Both leave large families of small children.

—A panic occurred among a carload of passengers on the Neversink Mountain railroad near Reading, Pa., on Saturday afternoon and a number of women were injured, three seriously. In descending the Mountain at White House, an unknown passenger saw another car coming down the mountain, and thinking it would collide, leaped off. This caused about forty others to jump, although there was not the slightest occasion for doing so. Miss Mary Deeter, aged 28, had both her legs badly injured. Mamie Miller, aged 15, was hurt about the knee and Mrs. Lewis Spohn had her ankle broken. Mrs. Sarah Dougherty, of Philadelphia, also had her leg broken. A dozen others sustained bruises but were not seriously hurt.

Where the Fashions Come From.

Fashion is called a "fickle jade"—and yet nearly every style is designed with some special object in view. Often the manufacturer has created some new material which he intends to place before the merchant; to make the best impression possible he has samples of the new material placed with some of the best modists whose special designers will study the goods, its color and texture, and its combinations with other colors and materials. While experimenting with the material they create some new style to attract attention; these designs are reproduced in colored plates and sent to all prominent dealers to give them an idea of the value of the new material. If these styles are liked they become the fashion.

Sometimes a dress made for some leading artist, who has to dress as well as act the character in the play, is often so beautiful or unique as to cause a sensation and it immediately becomes all the rage.

Most large establishments in Paris have special artists who furnish them each month with a certain number of new styles suitable for the season and the new materials. From these the best are selected and the garment made up accordingly.

The reason *La Mode de Paris, Paris Album of Fashion* and *La Couturiere* give the earliest styles and those that are reliable is because they are at the very fountain head of fashion and know just what is going to be popular. When you get a fashion journal get one upon which you can depend for correct ideas of style and material, for remember that if you wish to show correct and good taste yourself you will need to study those styles which are artistic and reliable. If you wish to keep up to the styles we advise you to subscribe for *La Mode de Paris*, $3.50 a year, or *Paris Album of Fashion*, $3.50 a year. These are the most artistic fashion journals published. *La Couturiere* is a fine home journal for $3.00 a year and *La Mode* is only $1.50 a year.

You can generally get single copies from your newsdealer, but do not allow him to give you some other journal for one of these. You can get them if you write to the publishers, Messrs. A. McDowell & Co., No. 4 West 14th street, New York.

BALTZELLS'

THE first cost of a sewing machine is but a trifle compared to that which the final possessor is compelled to pay. It is plainly the middlamen that must have the profits that keep up the high prices. In view of this it is a pleasure for us to say that we have finally secured the right to a magnificent machine—"The Columbia"—that we will be able to have on exhibition on the main floor of our building some time during the present week. We claim and know that we can show that the "Columbia" is the nearest to perfection of any machine in the market successfully combining simplicity, durability, reliability, speed, strength and beauty. Some of these excellencies are automatic bobbin winder, double 4-motion drop feed stitch regulator with scale, spring tension cylinder shuttle, self-setting needle, self-threading shuttle, extremely light running and quiet, and strong and exceedingly handsome. We will be able to sell this incomparable machine, we are still more glad to say, at less than half the popular prices, from the fact that we will have no rent to pay, will employ no one to go from house to house to solicit, and other advantages we possess for saving expenditures, all of which will be taken off the price of the machine to our customers. Every machine is guaranteed for 10 years to be exactly as represented, a point to be considered.

BALTZELLS',
Altoona.

B. & B.

GENUINE

India Silks.

A LARGE COLLECTION OF FINE ONES, 23 INCHES WIDE,

50 CENTS.

Send if you want any. It's just as much to your interest to buy as ours to sell, when there is a chance to get such handsome PRINTED INDIA SILKS—stylish patterns—at these prices.

More people are buying PLAIN FINE SOLID BLACK INDIAS—people that are not in mourning—than ever before, not only for street and house, but for

Traveling : Dresses.

We offer as extraordinary, 50 pieces PLAIN BLACK INDIAS,

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27 inches wide, - - - - 65 Cents.

☞ Values beyond anything heretofore sold.

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MADE-UP CLOTHING,
BOOTS AND SHOES,
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AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

The Citizens' Building & Loan Association of Altoona, Pa., vs. Peter Hertzog. } In the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria Co. Nos. 30 and 31, March term, 1892.

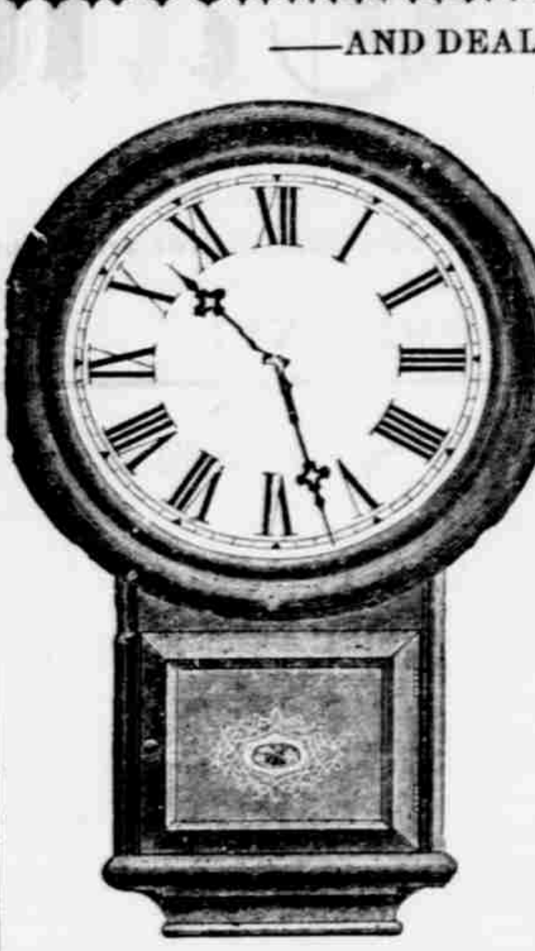
And now to wit, the 8th day of June, 1892, on motion of Alvin Evans, Esq., counsel for Sheriff Shumaker, T. W. Dick appointed auditor to distribute the money in the hands of the Sheriff arising from the sale of the defendant's real estate to and among the persons legally entitled to receive the same.

From the Record.

Notice is hereby given that I will sit at my office in Ebensburg for the purpose of above appointment on FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1892, at 10 o'clock, A. M., at which time and place all parties interested may attend, otherwise be forever debarred from coming in on said fund.

T. W. DICK,
Auditor.
Aug. 19, 1892.

CARL RIVINIUS
—PRACTICAL—
WATCHMAKER & JEWELER,
—AND DEALER IN—
Watches, Clocks
—JEWELRY,—
Silverware, Musical Instruments
—AND—
Optical Goods.
Sole Agent
—FOR THE—
Celebrated Rockford
WATCHES.



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Ebensburg, Nov. 11, 1885.-tf.

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--AT--
J. D. LUCAS & CO.'S.

Bargains in all Summer Goods.
Fall and Winter Goods will Soon be here
And we must have the Room.

NEW AND BEAUTIFUL !

We can now show you a Complete Assortment of Spring Goods consisting of Men's, Boys' and Children's Suits, Hats, Shirts, Trunks and Valises, and everything usually kept in a First-Class Clothing and Gents' Furnishing Store.

OUR SPRING STOCK

have arrived and our stock is much larger and prices lower than ever before. We feel pleased with our new stock and would be glad to show it to you. Call and examine our stock and prices. We can and will save you money. Respectfully Yours,

C. A. SHARBAUGH,
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—DEALERS IN—
General .·. Merchandise,
CLOTHING, FLOUR, FEED,
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TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN, TAKE NOTICE:

I have purchased the following personal property from A. J. Benden, and have left the same in his possession, viz: One bay horse and harness two spring wagons, two cows, three pigs, one cook stove, one heating stove, four beds and bedding, two tables, twelve chairs. All persons are hereby cautioned not to purchase the same or to interfere in any way with said property.

PETER DELOZIER,
Delaney, Cambria county, Pa.
August 10, 1892 3t.

H. H. MYERS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
EBENSBURG, PA.
☞ Office in Collonade Row, on Centre street.

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Is not a liquid, snuff or powder. Applied into nostrils is quickly absorbed. It cleanses the head. Allays inflammation. Heals the sores. Restores the senses of taste and smell.
50 cents at Druggists; by mail, registered, 60 cents.
ELY BROTHERS, Druggists, Owego, NY.

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BONANZA to AGENTS SAMPLES FREE both sexes. Write now
GEO. A. SCOTT, New York City

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, CAMBRIA CO., PA.

FRIDAY, - SEPTEMBER 2, 1892.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

—Get registered.

—September 5th is Labor Day.

—Mr. J. J. Rhoddy, of Ashville was here on Tuesday for a few hours.

—Mr. Harry Luther, of Nicktown, visited Ebensburg on Tuesday.

—Mr. Bernard Biglin, of Washington township, visited our town on Friday.

—Mr. David Tudor, one of Cambria township's oldest citizens is seriously ill.

—Mr. Thomas Bishop, of Allegheny township, visited Ebensburg on Monday.

—See that your foreign-born neighbor gets the benefit of the naturalization law.

—Mr. Charles Dillon, of St. Augustine, spent a few hours in town on Saturday.

—Mr. John G. C. Bearer, one of Spangler's early settlers, was in town on Tuesday.

—Mr. W. R. Shaffer, of Gallitzin was a caller at the FREEMAN office on Wednesday.

—Mr. and Mrs. Michael McCabe, of Braddock, are visiting relatives in Ebensburg.

—A son of John Blickenderfer, of Blacklick township, died on Sunday last. His remains were interred at Belsano on Tuesday.

—Are you certain you are registered? Go and see and also see if your neighbor is on the registry list.

—Ex-County County Commissioner Joseph Hogue, of Allegheny township, was in town on Tuesday.

—Mr. Frank C. O'Hara, one of Munster township's best citizens, spent a few hours in town on Monday.

—Mr. James McCabe, of Pittsburg is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Bart McCabe, of this place.

—While attending court next week drop in and pay your subscription. A good way to kill two birds with one stone.

—Just now is now is a good time to cut your Canada thistles and other obnoxious weeds. Don't let them go to seed.

—Mr. Henry Hopple, of Barr township, spent a few hours in town on Tuesday and was moving around between the showers.

—The Pennsylvania railroad has the work of grading for an additional track between Cresson and Lilly, nearly completed.

—D. A. Griffith, of this place, started for Atlantic City on Wednesday, where he will enjoy the sea breeze for a short time.

—Mr. Charles Miller, of Susquehanna township, was in town for a few hours on Tuesday and paid a pleasant visit to the FREEMAN office.

—Carrolltown is going to have water works and J. A. Shoemaker, of this place, got the contract for their construction. Work has already begun.

—An assessment of six per cent. has been levied on the notes of the Cambria Mutual Insurance Company to make up the losses of the recent fire at Ashville.

—The body of the flood victim found at Johnstown last week has been identified as that of Mrs. Maria Hoopes. Her husband and two children were also drowned.

—Though honey is not so much an article of diet now as it was with our forefathers, there were 61,000,000 pounds of it produced in the United States last year.

—Thomas Evans, of White township, holds the belt this season as the champion snake killer. On Monday he ended the earthly career of thirty-one rattlesnakes.

—Mr. Charles Warner, of Chest township, took a trip over the new railroad from Thomas' Mills to Ebensburg on Tuesday, and while here dropped in to see the FREEMAN.

—Eight sheep, among a car load that were being shipped from the station here on Monday, died from being over driven, while in the stockyard, before they were loaded on the cars.

—John Finn's hotel at Walnut Grove, near Johnstown, was entered by burglars on Monday night and a quantity of goods carried off. Finn was formerly bar tender at the Cambria House in this place.

—Miss Mamie Shoemaker, of Ebensburg, is visiting at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. P. A. Schwab, Twelfth street and Seventeenth avenue, and a welcome guest she is wherever she goes.—*Altoona Times*.

—Elias Ream of Allegheny county, Mich., is visiting his old home in Jackson township, after an absence of six years. Mr. Ream has sold his old homestead in Jackson township to Sol. Wagner for $1,625.

—Mr. Joseph Bearer, of Carroll township, was a visitor to our office on Thursday. Mr. Bearer was in town to meet Mr. J. Bearer, of Norristown, Pa., who is paying a visit to relatives in Cambria county.

—A hunting party from Gallitzin passed through here on Wednesday bound for the head of Blacklick, to open up the hunting season to-day (Thursday). Mr. Henry [illegible] had charge of the commissary department.

—Mr. Michael D. Will, one of Ashville's [illegible] whose residence and store was among the buildings burned in that place, [illegible] big fire was here on Saturday for a few hours. Although a heavy looser, Mr. Will will start up in business again.

—The citizens of Cherrytree, are agitating the question of having the name of their postoffice changed from Grant to Cherrytree City. Cherrytree City is like a man putting Esq., after his own name. Some people have a taste in that direction [illegible].

—Alice N. Young, 22 years old, committed suicide on Monday at the residence of her aunt, Mrs. James Blair, on Third avenue, Altoona, by shooting herself through the head with a revolver. She was disappointed in love and would have been a mother soon.

—On Saturday night, a horse belonging to Liveryman Weimer, of Johnstown and driven by Louis Shaffer, of the same place, ran off while the latter gentleman was driving out the Valley pike, and dashing against the Ferndale bridge injured itself so badly that it died in a few minutes.

—A division foreman on the Beech Creek railroad named Sandiboam, was killed Tuesday morning near Woodland by being run over by the cars. He was riding on the Beech Creek railroad on what is known as a railroad tricycle and the fog being dense he collided with an approaching train and was killed instantly.

—The news reached here this (Thursday) afternoon that by fire in Johnstown this morning all the buildings from the Presbyterian church on Main street to the corner of Market street, about a half a block, were burned. The buildings burned were nearly all frame, erected after the flood and were of a cheap character. How the fire originated we failed to learn.

—On Monday morning an explosion caused by an accumulation of gas in Blast Furnace No. 1 of the Cambria Iron Company occurred and Henry Mehlee was fatally burned. He was about twenty feet away from the furnace at the time of the explosion but the flame and molten metal burned him so badly that he died in a few hours after. He was about forty years of age and leaves a wife and family.

—The elder press will soon be in operation.

—Their are 140 inmates in the Westmoreland Almshouse.

—The Ebensburg steam tannery will start up next week.

—Have you been assessed? If not attend to the matter without delay.

—Mr. Aron Davis, of this place, is visiting friends at Bad Axe, Michigan.

—Citizens must be registered by the eighth of September in order to vote in November.

—Mr. Harry Fenlon, of Bellefonte, is visiting his parents Hon. John Fenlon and wife of this place.

—Miss Annie M. Jones, daughter of William M. Jones, of Allegheny, Pa., is visiting friends in this place.

—Nothing is so fortunately built as the fly. It can stand on one leg and scratch itself anywhere with five legs at once.

—Our neighbor the *Herald* this week is out in a new dress of type and is as handsome as a pretty miss in a new gown.

—On Tuesday and Wednesday nights of next week a festival will be held at the Opera House for the benefit of the Congregational church.

—E. W. Rue, a fireman on the Pennsylvania railroad, whose home is at Wilmore, fell from the top of a freight car at Sonman on Saturday morning and dislocated his shoulder.

—The Somerset Poor Directors have contracted to have the almshouse in that place, lighted with electric lights. Fifty lights will do the business and the price is thirty-five cents per light per month.

—The residence of Misses Harris and Bishop, in the west end of town, was entered on Sunday night and a quantity of edibles and provisions carried off. The thieves gained an entrance through a cellar window.

—The surviving memberg of Hartranft's Division, will hold a reunion at Petersburg, Va., on the 20th of this month. Company C., of this place, was in that Division and several of the veterans are talking of attending the reunion.

—The Ebensburg council at their last meeting on Monday night passed an ordinance requiring all persons carrying passengers and running hacks to the fair grounds to take out a license. They also passed an ordinance prohibiting all games of chance within the limits of the borough.

—The Republican senatorial conferees of Blair and Cambria counties met at the Lloyd House, in this place, on Monday and nominated John A. Lemon, of Hollidaysburg, for Senator. John has a large hankering after office and as long as life remains he will be asking the people to vote for him.

—The dwelling house of Samuel Kelly in Clearfield township was destroyed by fire on Tuesday night of last week. The family was absent at the time and everything in the house was destroyed including a considerable sum of money. The loss is estimated at $2,500, on which there is an insurance of $1,500.

—Messrs. Elijah Mahan and Timothy Jones have leased the machine shop of Barker Bros. in this place and in the future will do all kind of machine repairing in connection with a first class blacksmith shop. A machine shop in Ebensburg is a much needed institution and we wish the enterprising firm success.

—The barn on the farm of J. A. Learn, near Decker's Point, in Indiana county, was struck by lightning about noon on Thursday of last week and together with its contents, completely destroyed. The contents belonged to Arthur Lyuick, who had the farm rented. There was an insurance of $2,300 on the building and contents.

—The Republican congressional conference for this district met at Bedford on Tuesday but up to this date have made no nomination. The Bedford county conferees are voting for Edward S. Ashcom; the Somerset county conferees for Edward Scull, the present incumbent, while the Blair and Cambria conferees are voting for J. D. Hicks.

—Under the ruling of the supreme court in the matter of Westfield borough against the commissioners of Tioga county, the approaches to all county bridges, unless especially agreed to the contrary, will be built by the county. This finding of the supreme court is of considerable interest to boroughs and townships in which one or more county bridges are located.

—The law requires that Canada thistles be cut in time to prevent them from going to seed, and thereby spreading to a greater extent. It is the duty of the constable of the township or borough to see that the thistles are cut and must give notice by printed circulars posted in prominent places. The constable upon cutting any thistles is allowed $5 per day and a fine is also imposed upon the property for neglect.

—The Democratic senatorial conference will meet at the Mountain House, Cresson, to-day (Thursday). Blair county's candidate, George W. Rhine, of Altoona, has appointed his conferees to represent his interests at the conference. They are W. C. Myton, of the Eighth ward, Altoona; S. M. Hoyer, of the Sixth ward, Altoona, and W. H. Smith of Hollidaysburg. Dr. Conrad, of Johnstown, is Cambria county's candidate, but we did not learn who he has appointed as his conferees.

—Mrs. Black, of Ebensburg, who is visiting her daugher, Mrs. Learn, of Fifth street, met with a severe accident one day last week. In the evening she stepped out on the porch to get a drink of water. She missed her footing, and fell to the ground, cutting a large gash across her forehead. Her face was also considerably bruised. She is is eighty-four years of age, and for a while it was feared the fall might prove serious, but at last accounts she is doing nicely.—*Indiana Gazette*.

—Mrs. Catharine Sweeny will sell at public sale at her residence in Allegheny township, one mile from Ashville and two miles from Chest Springs, at 1 o'clock, P. M., Thursday, September 15th, four head horses, one spring colt, two milch cows, three yearling calves, five head of sheep, three shoats, hay by the ton, wheat and oats by the bushel, corn by the shock, one mowing machine, hay-rake, cutting-box, sled, sleigh, two sets heavy harness, one set light harness, plows, harrows, chains, etc., household and kitchen furniture and other articles.

Col. Linton Very Sick.

The condition of Colonel John P. Linton does not improve as his friends would wish, and at present writing it is somewhat critical. About ten days ago he attended a meeting in the G. A. R. Hall in reference to the arrangements for going to the grand reunion at Washington, at which he took a cold.

This settled on his right lung and soon developed into a case of pneumonia. His attending physician, Dr. J. C. Sheridan, applied all the remedies possible, but he gradually grew worse until the latter part of last week, when Dr. W. B. Lowman was called in consultation. On Saturday night the pain was particularly severe, and since that time he is about holding his own, although he is very much reduced in strength.

On account of his other ailments the doctors think his case very serious, but it is a gratification to be able to announce to his many friends that the Colonel is making a gallant fight. He partakes of nourishment and insists that he will pull through all right, despite his very serious condition.—*Johnstown Herald of Monday.*

The Old Portage Railroaders.

The Altoona *Tribune* of Tuesday says:

It has been decided to have a meeting of the survivors of the old Portage railroaders and their friends in the shape of a basket picnic at the foot of the famous Plane No. 8 (five miles from Cresson) on Wednesday, September 7th. All persons who will take an interest in this meeting are cordially invited to attend. There will be ample conveyance at Cresson for all who go that way on the arrival of the morning trains at that point. The fare will be fifty cents for the round trip. All persons will provide themselves with sufficient lunch for the day's outing, as very little can be had there, except an abundance of the best of pure mountain water.

The programme for the day will be to view the ruins of the old road from the stone bridge on Plane No. 6 to the foot of Plane No. 8, a distance of nearly two miles. The lunch will be eaten on the banks of Blair run, after which a number of addresses will be made in regard to the palmy days of the Old Portage when it was considered the greatest railroad in the world.

The friends of the Old Portage from Newry, Duncansvile and vicinity will come up under the command of Colonel James Funk and Major Irwin, and other able and efficient lieutenants.

The party from Cresson will stop at the Head of Six and capture Colonel John Lemon, where he is strongly intrenched, and bring him under guard to the Foot of Eight, where he will have to give an account of himself. George Cassiday of Pittsburg, will gather up a squad and capture Billy Brady, of Blairsville, and will get together all the other stragglers he can find.

Mr. Henry Cassiday, from Munster, will hitch up and come and tell us how he used to shoot the cars and boats up Plane No. 8. Bring all the ladies that will come. There will be conveyances for them at Cresson, and many of them will be interested in the sparkling waters of the Gallitzin Holy Spring, on the old Pike a short distance above the Fountain Inn. There will be lots of music, dancing, and speech-making.

Communication.

NORTH END TUNNEL, August 31, 1892.

Editor Cambria Freeman:

The writer of this article has taken notice of two communications in the Hastings *Tribune* which were written to that paper from a Carrolltown correspondent regarding a "phantom train of cars" that should have been seen by a party from Indiana at 11 o'clock at night some time before the tunnel was finished. They are but a laughing stock, for all the people who are acquainted with this locality know that the so called "phantom train" could have been nothing more than the night shift of the little dinkey locomotive which ran day and night with from eight to twelve cars of stuff out of the tunnel, and when it came up with its headlight, blowing off steam and puffing like a large locomotive, would deceive anyone not acquainted with its being there. That is about the whole story of the "phantom."

I live but out hundred and fifty yards from the tunnel. Mr. George Yost lives on top of the tunnel and the Italian shanty is within one hundred yards of the same place. Mr. Yost had always from ten to twelve boarders, some on day and some on night turn, and the same with the Italians, none of whom ever saw anything of the kind.

If the writer from Carrolltown had at any time such important secrets, why not communicate them to his neighbors or the *News?* We often hear of snake stories and men who saw snakes where there were no snakes, and that is about the size of the great "phantom" story.

It looks more like a scare-crow to prevent the railroad company from placing a station near that point, or the people from patronizing it if it does.

I did not write this article for the benefit of the community near here, but for the community at large.

ANDREW STRITTMATTER.

What Does It Mean?

For ten days past engineers have been busy surveying and running lines through Jackson township with the evident intention of locating a road leading to the Blacklick coal fields.

For the past week they have been in the neighborhood of Vinco, and stakes have been driven along Hinckston's Run, near Harris' old saw-mill and near James M. Singer's place. Preliminary surveys have also been made further down Hinckston's Run.

These surveyors are very reticent but it is thought they are in the employ of the B. & O. road, and the present movement looks toward the construction of a branch by that road from this place. The road would lead off at Pinckston avenue, in the Fourtenth ward, and would follow Hinckston's Run to the pike, thus taking it close to the Blacklick fields.

There are other coal lands along this route which it is thought would be profitable to develop. Among these are the Benshoff tracts above Rosedale and others all along the creek. While nothing definite can be learned as to the intention of this company, it is known that it wants to get into the Blacklick fields and take some of the trade from the Pennsylvania. The first project, to cross the Pennsylvania about the viaduct and go up Salt Lick, it is thought would be more expensive and less satisfactory than to go up Hinckston's Run, especially, as it is expected that a satisfactory agreement can be reached with the Cambria Iron Company to allow a right of way through their yards.—*Johnstown Herald.*

Marriage Licenses.

The following marriage licenses were issued by the Clerk of the Orphans' Court for the week ending Wednesday, August 31, 1892:

Jeremiah Gill and Rosie Albright, Chest township.

Cloyed H. Botteicher and Minnie I. Neads, South Fork.

John Cossick and Caroline Glasser, Carrolltown.

George T. Inman and Margaret Sheridan, Cassandra.

Stivi Pelsenge, Hubbard, Ohio, Julia Hodiat, Johnstown.

Veningo Abbat and Lounzzo Mastroiani, Hastings.

Lemon L. Myers and Susie Bell Shaffer, Upper Yoder township.

Anderson Defibaugh, Johnstown, and Annie C. Menser, Dale.

Thomas H. Baker, Chest township, and Mary A. Shehan, Clearfield township.

F. F. Leitenberger and Elda M. Kuntz, Johnstown.

Thomas L. Smay and Mary C. Mangus, Summerhill.

John Domsolla, Ehrenfield, and Christina Bauer, South Fork.

Harry Bheam, Morrellville, and Sally Ann Alshouse, West Taylor township.

August Martinides and Tillie Pomponish, Johnstown.

—From the Nobles county, Minn., *Democrat* of last week, published at Adrian, that state, we learn that our old friend J. A. Kennedy, was nominated for the office of Register of Deeds by the Democratic convention of Nobles county on the 23rd of August. The 'Squire now has the nomination from the People's party and the Democratic party, and if there is anything in having both nominations we expect to hear of his pulling through in November. We wish him success.

—The Emerald picnic at Cresson on Saturday was largely attended and was a success all around.

The Quarter Sessions.

Under the new arrangement for the trial of criminal cases by which certain cases are fixed for certain days, the District Attorney has set down the following cases for the days named. All witnesses are expected to be there on the days set for the trial of the cases for which they are subpoenaed.

MONDAY.

Commonwealth vs. John Higan, larceny.

The following surety of the peace cases are set for Monday: Caroline Basoe, Chas. Moore, Terry Reilly, Fred. Kupferer, Mrs. Otto Brobel, Jas. McKenna, Emanuel Cover, Ellen Dignon, John Hughes, John Kroll, Edward Kranzer, Harry Goughnour, two cases, Emily Kranzer, Robert Stewart, Joseph McNickel, William Stahley.

The following *fornix et cet.* cases are set for Monday:

Thomas Tibbot, Luke Bebe, Benjamin Vaughn, James Dronesfield, John Shinloegh, Gilbert Williams, David Westover, August Settlemyer, Thomas Kane, David Bracken, Harry Rager, Elmer Keifer.

Assault and battery, Catharine Sabot.

Larceny, Thomas O'Connell, two cases.

Malicious mischief, May E. Rodgers.

Intimidating and interfering with a check-weighman, two cases.

Assault and battery, Daniel Leahey.

Incorrigibility, Letitia Woffenden.

Desertion, Bernard McGuire.

Rape and adultry, Eli Smith.

Rape, *fornix et cet.*, George Lehberger.

Rape, Dennis McHugh, Jr.

TUESDAY.

Larceny—Harry Rush, Thomas Nolan, D. L. Newman, H. H. Thomas, William Oppy, James Hendrick, Joseph H. Pringle, George Jones, Peter Kinney, William F. Jackson.

Keeping a bawdy house, John Johnston et al.; Keeping and maintaining a disorderly house, Amanda Johnston et al.

Bigamy—John Timchock.

Intimidating and interfering with a check-weighman—John Leahey, John Hamilton, Patrick McNally.

Malicious mischief—James Hendricks, Joseph Pringle, William Robinson, George Jones.

Larceny by bailee—John Armstrong.

Cruelty to animals—Mrs. Robert Phillips.

WEDNESDAY.

Assault and battery—William Wells, Michael Brown, Peter Smith, Jr., John Seaman, Peter Ahern and Michael Connors, Emanuel Cover, William Doubt, Jr., Daniel M. Miller, Edward Ream, John Maxwell, M. J. McKenzie, Caron Leahey, John T. Teynon, Francis Woodsides, William Wells.

Selling liquor without license—Charles Person, William J. Kearney, Joseph Pierro, Chas. Deckart et al.

Selling liquor on Sunday—Chas. Deckart et al.

Burglary—Frank Grubb.

Defrauding boarding-house-keeper—Chas. Byers, J. H. Detweiler, George Chambers.

Sodomy, etc.—George L. Lyte.

Rape and assault and battery—George L. Lyte.

Attempted rape and assault and battery—George L. Lyte.

Attempted rape and assault and battery—Chas. Bennett.

Larceny—James Dougherty, John Reifschneider et al.

Malicious mischief—John Russel, Dennis McCawley.

Open lewdness—L. Smithberger.

Larceny by bailee—G. W. and Alice Chambers.

Bribery and misdemeanor in office—W. C. Bland.

Escape and malicious mischief—John Wrobel.

False pretense—Amos Sulka.

Malicious libel—P. M. Duane.

THURSDAY.

Criminal libel—George T. Swank.

Murder—Fred. Gerber.

Arson—Vanie and Edith Snyder.

Forgery—John J. Hauk.

Death of Colonel John P. Linton.

Colonel John P. Linton, of Johnstown, died at his home in the 8th ward, Johnstown, on Wednesday morning at twenty minutes after four o'clock, aged 59 years, 7 months and 5 days.

In the death of Colonel Linton Cambria county loses one of her most honored citizens and the bar one of the brightest members of the legal profession. Colonel Linton was born in Johnstown and was a son of the late ex-Sheriff Robert P. Linton, who was well known to the older people of the county, having served as sheriff of the county at different times three terms. At the age of eighteen Colonel Linton entered the law office of Cyrus L. Pershing, Esq., now president judge of the courts of Schuylkill county, then practicing law in Johnstown, where he remained a student until he was admitted to the bar on the 6th of June, 1854. He practiced his profession until the breaking out of the civil war when he entered the army as captain of company F, Third regiment, three months service. After being mustered out at the end of the term of enlistment, the Colonel assisted in raising the 54th regiment and entered the service as major. He was with his regiment until the end of its term of service, February 3, 1865, participating in many engagements, being three times severely wounded, and when mustered out was lieutenant colonel of the regiment.

In 1866 he was the Democratic nominee for Surveyor General but was defeated by General Jacob M. Campbell. In 1867 he was elected a member of the legislature from this county. In 1868 he was the Democratic candidate for congress in this district, his competitor, who was elected, being the late Hon. Daniel J. Morrell, of of Johnstown. In 1891 he was nominated by the Democrats as their candidate for president judge in this county, but owing to dissensions in the Democratic ranks, was defeated by Hon. A. V. Barker.

Colonel Linton was married in 1856 to a daughter of George S. King, and his wife, four sons and three daughters survive him. His funeral will take place at Johnstown on Saturday at 2 o'clock, P. M.

Successful.

We honestly congratulate Messrs. Ludwig & Son for their success in business. These gentlemen require no introduction in this or surrounding counties, having been located amongst us so many, many years. Their record as men of good judgment, integrity and honesty is well established. Ther good judgment in keeping pace with the times is evidenced by their success in obtaining the agency of Klein's Silver Age and Duquesne Rye Whiskies, together with the leading Pennsylvania Rye Whiskies bottled by Max Klein, whose reputation for bottling only absolutely pure goods is firmly established. Men high in in their professions publicly and cheerfully endorse his Silver Age and Duquesne Rye Whiskies. His name on every bottle is a guarantee to the purchaser that the article is pure. A sworn guarantee of its purity from the distiller accompanies every bottle of Duquesne Rye. Silver Age is so favorably known that it is unnecessary to dwell here on its merits, suffice to say that it is the *leader of fine old rye whiskies*. Palatable, mellow and invigorating.

Messrs. J. Ludwig & Son not only recognized the good qualities of these brands, but the the constant and steady demand for them, and hastened to secure the exclusive agency in Blair and Cambria counties.

These excellent brands of whiskies now on sale to the trade generally by J. Ludwig & Son, wholesale agents, Johnstown, Pa.

Miscellaneous Notices.

EBENSBURG MARBLE AND GRANITE Works, as sketched by a special reporter of the Johnstown *Daily Herald*.—Reliable dealers and fine goods.

"During a recent flying trip to Ebensburg the writer of this article visited the Marble and Granite Works of Jas. Wilkinson & Son, which were founded in 1880. The senior member of this progressive firm has had an experience of thirty-five years, and his son and partner is also a skilled worker. The class of work they produce is of the highest class and style. From four to five hands are employed and the very finest monuments in the county seat are specimens of their skill. Shipments are made through this and to adjoining counties.

"All kinds of cemetery work is executed and a fine line of Iron Railing is handled and sold. The stock of work kept on hand (received by the car-load) is very extensive and many very fine monuments are exhibited, two especially being executed in the rustic style and in imitation of brickwork, with a finely executed cross on the top. Among the many fine monuments erected by this firm is an eight ton fifteen-feet-high monument for Sheriff Griffith, monument for Father Christy (sixteen feet high), also monuments for Jacob Kibler and daughter of John Griffith. Both gentlemen give personal attention to business as well as executing the finest work. In all the time they have been in business they have adhered strictly to the maxim all goods just as represented and prices as low as the same class of work can be bought elsewhere. We have no hesitancy in recommending Messrs. Wilkinson & Son to our readers as reliable business men, progressive and trustworthy. Visit their establishment before ordering elsewhere."

☞ Special attention paid to setting work.

Drunkenness or the Liquor Habit Positively Cured by Administering Dr. Haines' Golden Specific.

It is manufactured as a powder, which can be given in a glass of beer, a cup of coffee or tea, or in food, without the knowledge of the patient. It is absolutely harmless, and will effect a permanent and speedy cure, whether the patient is a moderate drinker or alcoholic wreck. It has been given in thousands of cases and in every instance a perfect cure has followed. It never fails. The system once impregnated with the Specific, it becomes an utter impossibility for the liquor appetite to exist. Cures guaranteed. 48 page book of particulars free. Address

GOLDEN SPECIFIC CO.,
185 Race St., Cincinnati, O.

aug19.1y.

FOR SALE.
Farm in Munster township, Cambria county, Pa. For particulars call on or address

MRS. ELLEN O'DONNELL,
Cresson, Pa.

June 17.3m.

WANTED.—A middle aged woman to do house work; small family; wages, $4 per week. Inquire of Joseph Griffin, Munster township, near Kaylor station.

A CAR-LOAD of Barb Wire cheap at Dutton & Son's.

C. A. LANGBEIN,

Manufacturer of and Dealer in

ALL KINDS of HARNESS,

SADDLES, BRIDLES, WHIPS,

COLLARS HARNESS OILS, BLANKETS,

Robes, Fly Nets, Curry Combs, etc., etc. Repairing Neatly and Promptly done. All work guaranteed to give satisfaction.

Riding Bridles, from	50c. up.
Team Bridles, from	$1.50 up.
Lap Dusters, from	40c. up.
Machine-made Harness, from	$6.00 up.
Hand-made Harness, from	$10.00 up.

☞ Call and examine my stock before purchasing elsewhere. I guarantee to sell as cheap as the cheapest.

☞ Shop Barker's Row on Centre street.

apr129tf

JUST RECEIVED!

—A LARGE LOT—

Boots & Shoes

—BOUGHT AT—

Sheriff's Sale!

—FROM THE STOCK OF—

W. E. SCHMERTZ & CO.,
PITTSBURG, PA.

The public invited to call. Prices away down.

JNO. LLOYD & SONS.

TRIAL LIST.
List of causes set down for trial the second week of September, 1892:

Magenan	vs.	Thomas.
Acor	vs.	Cannon.
Doran et ux	vs.	Piper et al.
Rutledge & Miller	vs.	Confer.
McDonald	vs.	Prosser et al.
Buck	vs.	Campbell.
O'Hara	vs.	Kays.
Graham	vs.	Morrellville Castle K. of G. E.
Gardner	vs.	Stepens.
Sible	vs.	Young.
Clark	vs.	Croyle.
Lloyd	vs.	Dunlap et al.
S. Ewart & Co.	vs.	Miller.
Lytle & Co	vs.	Cresswell.
Sloan	vs.	Bilestein.
Pardon et al	vs.	Moore et al.
Zimmerman	vs.	Dibert.
Klinordinger	vs.	McGough.
Notley & Harter	vs.	McMullen et al.
Benford	vs.	Zimmerman.
Sniglemire & Co	vs.	Helfrick.
Huguenot & Becher	vs.	Leahey.
Moxley	vs.	Uhl.
Costlow	vs.	Dwelling House Insurance Co.
Mildren	vs.	Johnstown Savings Bank.

JAS. C. DARBY,
Prothonotary.

Prothonotary's office, Aug. 8, 1892.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.
In the Orphans' Court of Cambria county.
In the matter of the first and final account of Joseph A. Gray, administrator of John B. Miller, late of Carroll township, deceased.

Having been appointed Auditor by said court to report a distribution of the fund in the hands of the accountant, notice is hereby given that I will sit at my office in the borough of Ebensburg on FRIDAY, THE 2ND DAY OF SEPTEMBER, 1892, at 10 o'clock, A. M., for the purpose of discharging the duties of said appointment, when and where all persons interested may attend or be forever debarred from coming in on said fund.

DONALD E. DUFTON,
Ebensburg, Pa., Aug. 19, 1892. Auditor.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.
In the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county, Pa.
In the matter of the account of John A. Doyle, assignee of Edward McGlade.

Having been appointed Auditor by said Court to report a distribution of the funds in the hands of the accountant, notice is hereby given that I will sit at my office in the borough of Ebensburg on SATURDAY, THE 3RD DAY OF SEPTEMBER, 1892, at 10 o'clock, A. M., for the purpose of discharging the duties of said appointment, when and where all persons interested may attend or be forever debarred from coming in on said fund.

DONALD E. DUFTON,
Ebensburg, Pa., Aug. 19, 1892. Auditor.

HOTEL LE GRANDE.
H. J. SHETTIG, PROPRIETOR.
Located at DuBois, Pa., near the B. R. & P. Railway Depot. We always endeavor to furnish the best accommodations to business men, pleasure seekers and boarders. Persons in search of comfort and quiet will find it a desirable place to stop. The Table is unsurpassed and is always supplied with the best the market affords, and all the delicacies of the season. The Bar is supplied with the choicest of pure liquors and cigars and nothing but the best is sold. Special attention given to the care of horses.

H. J. SCHETTIG.

To Investors.

WHY go away from home to seek investments when you can buy Pennsylvania First Mortgage securities on the Cash or Monthly Payment plan and which will net you twenty per cent. on your money? For particulars call on or address

H. A. ENGLEHART,
Aug. 5, 1892. Ebensburg, Pa.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.
Notice is hereby given that letters of administration on the estate of Charles D. Wharton, late of the township of Dean, county of Cambria, deceased, have been granted to me, a resident of Chest Springs borough, in said county, to whom all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims or demands will make known the same without delay.

H. SOMERVILLE,
Administrator of Charles D. Wharton, deceased.
Chest Springs, Pa., August 19, 1892.

NOTICE is hereby given that the following account has been filed in the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county, Pennsylvania, and will be confirmed by said court on the FIRST MONDAY OF SEPTEMBER, 1892, unless cause be shown to the contrary:

The account of Jesse H. Dimond, assignee of John and Lucinda P. McCormick.

J. C. DARBY,
Aug. 12, 1892. Prothonotary.

Ebensburg Fire Insurance Agency

T. W. DICK,

General Insurance Agent

EBENSBURG, PA.

THE HEAT

HAS SHRUNK

OUR PRICES

It is midsummer now—a bad time for merchants to sell goods. To liven up business we have cut the prices on all our goods to such a percentage that no man or woman can afford to pass the opportunity of taking advantage of them.

OUR PRICES ARE CUT IN HALF!

and what you buy other places for $2.00 we will sell you from now until September 10th, at $1. Can you save this amount of money by buying at any other store? Verily not

We placed in this sale

85 Pairs Ladies' Dongola Spring Heel,

Sizes 2½ to 7, at 1.25 per pair.

125 pair of

LADIES' - TOE - SLIPPERS,

From 2½ to 8 at 47c. a pair.

LADIES'

DONGOLA COMMON-SENSE OR OPERA TOE,

in sizes 2½ to 8 at 1.48 per pair.

Ladies' French Kid, High-cut, Common-sense or Opera Toe at 2.24 per pair.

We also carry a full line of ladies' cloth top Spring and Heel Shoes. Price now 2.12.

Men's Calf Dress Shoes, all shapes, at 1.98. Men's good Dress Shoes now at 1.23.

Boys' Brogans with solid sole now at 95 cents a pair, and many more bargains.

Special large display of blue prints, 50 different patterns at 51½c. per yard. Fine Bedford Cords, 36 inches wide, all new shades, go now 45c., 44 inch white Lawn at 9c., dress Ginghams at 8c., and other great bargains in the dry goods department.

A complete outfit during this sale for $10.00. The outfit consists of a suit in blue or black corded worsted, pair good Dress Shoes, Derby Hat and Suspenders. We also have great bargains in Dress Pantaloons, Shirts, Underwear, Collars and Cuffs, First arrival of the latest styles in Fall Neckwear. New Fall goods are now coming in.

SIMON & CO.,

LEADERS OF LOWEST PRICES.

A car load of Lever Spring Tcoth Harrows just received at the Ebensburg Foundry.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE NO. 1 OF THE Cresson, Clearfield County and New York Short Route Railroad. In effect on and after November 15th 1891.

STATIONS.	NORTH. Irvona Exp.†	NORTH. Church Train†	NORTH. Fast Line*	NORTH. Mail*	Dist	SOUTH. Pacific Exp*	SOUTH. Mail*	SOUTH. Church Train†	SOUTH. Cresson Exp.†
Cresson	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	27.5	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Wildwood f	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Dawson f	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Amsbry f	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Ashville	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Millside f	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Dysart	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Condron f	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Dean	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Frugality	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Van Ormer	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Fallen Timber	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Flynn City	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Coalport	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Rosebud f	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Irvona	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

*Leave daily except Sunday.
†Leave Sunday only.
Black letters indicate telegraph stations.
Denny's, Moore's and Cristie's Crossings will be flag stations for all trains.

No. 1 connects at Cresson with Johnstown Express at 8 27 for points between Cresson and Johnstown, and with Pacific Express at 8 45 for points west of Johnstown. Also with Mail Train at 9 23 for points east of Cresson.

No. 5 connects with Mail Train at 4 26 for points West of Cresson, and Mail Express for points east of Cresson.

From points west of Cresson No. 4 connects with Mail train at 9 23, and from points east of Cresson with Johnstown Express at 8 27, and Pacific Express at 8 45.

No. 6 connects with Mail Train at 4 26 from points east of Cresson, and Mail Express at 5 17 from points west of Cresson.

Sunday trains connect with Pacific Express and Mail Train west and mail Express east.

Passengers to or from points on Pennsylvania & Northwestern Railroad can take train at Coalport or Irvona.

Stations marked "f" are flag stations. Passengers wishing to get off will notify the conductor. Passengers wishing to get on will flag the train at these stations. Trains will not stop unless so notified.

W. P. RATHBUN,
General Manager and Superintendent.
F. J. BURGOON, Train Master.

RAIDROAD TIME TABLE OF THE EBENSburg & Cresson Branch Railroad. In effect December 20, 1891.

Connections at Cresson.

WEST.		EAST.	
Oyster Exp.	2 55 a m	Harrisburg Ac.	9 23 a m
Western Exp.	4 43 a m	Seashore Exp.	6 30 a m
Johnstown Exp.	8 24 a m	Mail	9 38 a m
Pacific Exp.	8 45 a m	Day Exp.	11 04 a m
Mail	4 26 p m	Altoona Exp.	1 00 p m
Way Pass	2 36 p m	Mail Exp.	5 17 p m
		Phila Exp.	8 12 p m

SOUTHWARD.

	Distance.	No. 1. A M	No. 2. A M	No. 3 P M.
Ebensburg		7 40	10 25	3 35
Bradley	3.0	7 50	10 31	3 44
Kaylor	4.8	7 56	10 35	3 50
Noel	6.1	8 01	10 38	3 55
Munster	7.5	8 06	10 41	4 00
Lucket	9.6	8 13	10 45	4 08
Cresson	11.3	8 20	10 50	4 15

NORTHWARD.

	Distance.	No. 1. A M	No. 2. A M	No. 3. P M.
Cresson		9 30	11 10	5 20
Lucket	1.7	9 35	11 26	5 30
Munster	3.8	9 40	11 29	5 37
Noel	5.3	9 44	11 35	5 43
Kaylor	6.5	9 47	11 41	5 48
Bradley	8.3	9 52	11 47	5 57
Ebensburg	11.3	10 10	12 01	6 10

Bradley, Noel and Lucket are Flag Stations.
No trains on Sunday.

ATTENTION, SOLDIERS!
I have been appointed by the Hon. Secretary of the Interior PENSION AND CLAIM AGENT. I have TWELVE YEARS' EXPERIENCE. All claims entrusted to me will receive prompt attention. Any soldiers drawing less than $6 per month pension can have it increased to $6, $8, $10 and $12 per month, according to disability, under the act of June 27, 1890.

Please give an old wounded comrade your patronage. Office with Wm. H. Sechler, Attorney at Law, Reade's Row, Centre street, Ebensburg, Pa.

J. C. BURKE,
Pension Attorney,
Late Major 11th Regt., Penna. Reserves.
May 20, 1892.3m

M. D. KITTELL,
Attorney-at-Law,
EBENSBURG, PA.
Office in Armory Building, opp. Court House.

1892.

EBENSBURG .:. FOUNDRY

Will Have For Sale This Year:

Plows,	Plow Points,	Cellar Windows,	Phosphate,
Spring Tooth Harrows,	Landsides	Sash Weights,	Cement,
Cultivators,	Plow Handles,	Chimney Tops,	Building Paper,
Mowing Machines,	Plow Beams,	Iron Pumps,	Steel Roofing,
Reapers,	Plow Bolts,	Bone Dust,	Steel Siding,
Rakes,	Cook Stoves,		
Sections for all Machines,	Ranges,	Wagons,	Steel Lining,
Hay Forks,	Heaters,	Road Carts,	Sugar Kettles,
Hay Carriers,	Heating Stoves,	Buck-Boards,	Road Scoops,
Threshers,	Furnaces,	Buggies,	Grain Drills with Corn Planter Attachment.
Sled Soles,	Grates of all kinds,	Sleds.	

H. A. SHOEMAKER.

"QUINN'S,"

New White Front Building, 113 Clinton Street, Johnstown, Pa.

New Stock of DRY GOODS, MILLINERY AND CARPETS. Call to see us when in town.

JAMES QUINN.

IT IS A DUTY you owe yourself and family to get the best value for your money. Economize in your footwear by purchasing W. L. Douglas Shoes, which represent the best value for prices asked, as thousands will testify.

☞ TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE. ☜

W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN,

THE BEST SHOE IN THE WORLD FOR THE MONEY.

A genuine sewed shoe, *that will not rip*, fine calf, seamless, smooth inside, flexible, more comfortable, stylish and durable than any other shoe ever sold at the price. Equals custom made shoes costing from $4 to $5.

$4 and **$5 Hand-sewed**, fine calf shoes. The most stylish, easy and durable shoes ever sold at the price. They equal fine imported shoes costing from $8 to $12.

$3.50 Police Shoe, worn by farmers and all others who want a good heavy calf, three soled, extension edge shoe, easy to walk in, and will keep the feet dry and warm.

$2.50 Fine Calf, $2.25 and **$2.00 Workingmen's** Shoes will give more wear for the money than any other make. They are made for service. The increasing sales show that workingmen have found this out.

Boys' $2.00 and Youths' $1.75 School Shoes are worn by the boys everywhere. The most serviceable shoes sold at the prices.

Ladies' $3.00 Hand-sewed, $2.50, $2.00 and $1.75 Shoes for Misses are made of the best Dongola or fine Calf, as desired. They are very stylish, comfortable and durable. The $3.00 shoe equals custom made shoes costing from $4.00 to $6.00. Ladies who wish to economize in their footwear are finding this out.

Caution.—W. L. Douglas' name and the price is stamped on the bottom of each shoe; look for it when you buy. Beware of dealers attempting to substitute other makes for them. Such substitutions are fraudulent and subject to prosecution by law for obtaining money under false pretences.

W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass. Sold by

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ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
EBENSBURG, PENN'A.
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Received payable on demand, and interest bearing certificates issued to time depositors.

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Extended to customers on favorable terms and approved paper discounted at all times.

COLLECTIONS

Made in the locality and upon all the banking towns in the United States. Charges moderate.

DRAFTS

Issued negotiable in all parts of the United States, and foreign exchange issued on all parts of Europe.

ACCOUNTS

Of merchants, farmers and others solicited, to whom reasonable accomodation will be extended.

Patrons are assured that all transactions shall be held as strictly private and confidential, and that they will be treated as liberally as good banking rules will permit.

Respectfully,
JOHNSTON, BUCK & CO.

1794. 1891.

Policies written at short notice in the

OLD RELIABLE "ÆTNA"

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Ebensburg, July 21, 1892.

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ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
EBENSBURG, - - PA.
☞ Office on Centre street.

MODERN CHURCH WEDDINGS.

Marriages Which Seem But Fashionable Exhibitions.

Some of the Features of the Society Affair Which Make It Appear More of a Mockery Than Anything Else.

To the thoughtful observer who finds himself one of many impatiently expectant of the bride's appearance through the church door the ceremony, which of all others should be the most impressive, loses much of its solemnity. The feeling that prompts the earliest possible arrival on the scene in order to secure an advantageous position for seeing and hearing, and if late the crowding into the overfilled edifice on tiptoe to catch a glimpse of the heads of the wedding party, can only be one of sheer curiosity. What, asks the San Francisco News Letter, is the motive which causes the girl about to face the most serious problem of her life to make a public spectacle of herself to which she bids the public, as far as she knows it, to "come and see?" Gazed at by merciless eyes, quick to notice the slightest deflection from the proper thing, she offers herself as a target for comment and often ridicule. Only a few of the curious throng are so filled with friendly interest in the participants of the ceremonial that they are oblivious to the bride's expression or of the tone of the groom's responses. A marriage should, by virtue of all it signifies, be considered as something apart from other festivities. It is an occasion when those chiefly interested should be surrounded by only their nearest and dearest friends. Then the entrance into "the holy bond of matrimony" seems holy, and not an opportunity for the display of toilets and new and original ideas concerning bridesmaids.

Another mockery attendant upon the fashionable wedding is the promiscuous sending of gifts. How many there are to whom the arrival of that bit of pasteboard with its summons is anything but a pleasure, because of the equivalent present which must be sent. For often the obligation is felt by those who can ill afford the necessary sum required for the purchase of a wedding gift, which must be "as good as anyone's." Others, with no thought or interest in the matter, will carelessly select something or anything, so long as it makes a goodly showing, because it is supposed to be the correct thing to do. With neither gift goes the loving thought, the kindly wish, which makes the value of the article, if the recipient is not placing the market valuation on her presents, and appraising each one as it is unfolded from its wrappings. In France the sending of a wedding gift is considered as a favor, and only the privileged few who have some claim on the bridal couple are permitted to send gifts—a custom worthy of imitation. Of course, to the young couple whose new home depends largely for its ornamentation on the generous remembrances of their friends the gifts are highly prized, and, as a rule, are sent by those whose kindly interest in the young people leads them to select such articles as will be just the thing. But for the girl, whose future is amply provided for, and whose home will know no deprivation of any desired article, the miscellaneous collection gathered in from the dear five hundred or more has no sentiment or value. Why will not some independent spirit take the initiative, and when she announces to the world at large her coming nuptials, state at the same time that she wishes only the presence of her friends, and nothing more tangible?

ARTIFICIAL NOSES AND EARS.

Aluminum Now Taking the Place of Wax, Celluloid, Porcelain and Wood.

It is quite the fashion to attribute to aluminum adaptability for every conceivable purpose. In the majority of cases there is some warrant for doing so, as the metal lends itself kindly to all kinds of conditions and uses, and among these is the manufacture of artificial noses and ears. Wonderfully good imitations of these members were made in wax, celluloid, wood, porcelain or vulcanite. Vulcanite was the substance most in favor, from its lightness, strength and small liability to injury. After being vulcanized, the piece was painted by an artist in oil colors, as near the color of the skin of the intended wearer as possible. For attaching it the face springs were at first tried, but the New York Commercial Advertiser says there was a strong prejudice against them on account of their supposed tendency to interfere with the circulation and cause irritation and possibly inflammation or absorption of the tissue. Finally it became customary to keep the nose in the required position by fixing it to eyeglasses, and in this way the wearer could almost defy detection. For this purpose aluminum is now in vogue. It is strong and light and is easily covered with muslin, which is afterward painted. It has thus become a matter of even greater ease to adjust a portion of the nose or ear with perfect nicety and have it painted to so nearly resemble the skin that covers other portions of the face that the fact would remain unknown if you met the wearer a dozen times in a week. Scores of people are daily met on the streets who are wearing some such appliance, and many of them have been doing so so long that they have almost forgotten the fact themselves. Five times out of seven the loss of the nose is caused by abscess centrals which break just inside the nostrils. The disease then attacks the bone, which decays very rapidly. Sometimes a portion of it is saved, but this is the exception and not the rule.

FROM THE MINES' DEPTHS.

In England there are almost 6,000 women employed in and about the coal mines, but it is said that none of the number works below the surface.

The Sheffield cutlery firms, whose success depends so large on the freedom from impurities in the iron they use, have never found better iron than they obtained from Sweden.

An Arizona paper announces the finding of a 14¼-pound nugget in the Planchas Placers, Sonora, Mex. This is said to be the largest nugget of gold on record. The percentage of pure gold was 87 fine.

The most famous mine in Alaska is the Treadwell, bought by Mr. Treadwell for $300. Messrs. Fry, Freeborn and Hill, of San Francisco, Senator Jones, of Nevada, became equal partners. Eight hundred thousand dollars have been spent in improving the mine, which has already yielded $3,109,164 in gold bars.

Dog Fare.

"In the matter of food many dog owners make grievous errors and are therefore remiss in their duty," writes Dr. Gordon Stables in the new volume of the Dog Owners' Annual, "toward our friend the dog. I think the rule of a light breakfast at eight p. m., and a good, nutritious dinner at five p. m. is a good one, but we should never neglect to give some mashed greens twice or thrice a week, nor forget that change does good. An occasional dinner of well-boiled tripe is a great treat to almost any dog; so is a bit of liver lightly boiled. As to bones, young dogs may have safe ones, but old dogs are better without; a handful of bone meal must do duty instead."

A woman's faith saved her.

Here are her own words:—

"I was prostrate with displacement of the womb and the consequent ulceration and spinal weakness.

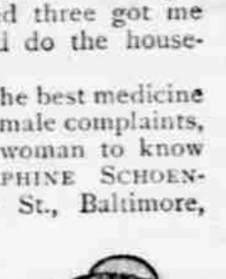
"I was obliged to lie in bed, as to walk or stand was impossible, because of dizziness and severe bearing-down pains.

"A friend told me how she had been cured of similar trouble by using *Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound*, and I believed if it would cure her it would me.

"And it did—one bottle brought me out of bed, and three got me up so that I could do the housework.

"I believe it is the best medicine in the world for female complaints, and I want every woman to know about it."—Josephine Schoenborn, 713 Baker St., Baltimore, Md.

Yes, we have proof abundant which shows that no one remedy in all the world has relieved so much female suffering.



All druggists sell it, or sent by mail, in form of Pills or Lozenges, on receipt of $1. Correspondence freely answered. Address in confidence, Lydia E. Pinkham Medical Co., Lynn, Mass. Liver Pills, 25c.

From Pole to Pole

Ayer's Sarsaparilla has demonstrated its power of cure for all diseases of the blood.

The Harpooner's Story.

New Bedford, June 1, 1883.

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co.—Twenty years ago I was a harpooner in the North Pacific, when five others of the crew and myself were laid up with scurvy. Our bodies were bloated, gums swollen and bleeding, teeth loose, purple blotches all over us, and our breath seemed rotten. Take it by and large we were pretty badly off. All our lime-juice was accidentally destroyed, but the captain had a couple dozen bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla and gave us that. We recovered on it quicker than I have ever seen men brought about by any other treatment for Scurvy, and I've seen a good deal of it. Seeing no mention in your Almanac of your Sarsaparilla being good for scurvy, I thought you ought to know of this, and so send you the facts.

Respectfully yours, Ralph T. Wingate.

The Trooper's Experience.

Maseru, Basutoland (S. Africa,) March 7, 1885.

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co.—Gentlemen: I have much pleasure to testify to the great value of your Sarsaparilla. We have been stationed here for over two years, during which time we had to live in tents. Being under canvas for such a time brought on what is called in this country "veldt-sores." I had those sores for some time. I was advised to take your Sarsaparilla, two bottles of which made my sores disappear rapidly, and I am now quite well.

Yours truly, T. E. Boden, *Trooper, Cape Mounted Riflemen.*

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Is the only thoroughly effective blood-purifier, the only medicine that eradicates the poisons of Scrofula, Mercury, and Contagious Disease from the system.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists: Price $1; Six bottles for $5.

Stop that CHRONIC COUGH NOW!

For if you do not it may become consumptive. For *Consumption, Scrofula, General Debility* and *Wasting Diseases*, there is nothing like

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Of Pure Cod Liver Oil and HYPOPHOSPHITES Of Lime and Soda.

It is almost as palatable as milk. Far better than other so-called Emulsions. A wonderful flesh producer.

Scott's Emulsion

There are poor imitations. *Get the genuine.*

HALL'S Vegetable Sicilian HAIR RENEWER.

The great popularity of this preparation, after its test of many years, should be an assurance, even to the most skeptical, that it is really meritorious. Those who have used Hall's Hair Renewer know that it does all that is claimed.

It causes new growth of hair on bald heads—provided the hair follicles are not dead, which is seldom the case; restores natural color to gray or faded hair; preserves the scalp healthful and clear of dandruff; prevents the hair falling off or changing color; keeps it soft, pliant, lustrous, and causes it to grow long and thick.

Hall's Hair Renewer produces its effects by the healthful influence of its vegetable ingredients, which invigorate and rejuvenate. It is not a dye, and is a delightful article for toilet use. Containing no alcohol, it does not evaporate quickly and dry up the natural oil, leaving the hair harsh and brittle, as do other preparations.

Buckingham's Dye FOR THE WHISKERS

Colors them brown or black, as desired, and is the best dye, because it is harmless; produces a permanent natural color; and, being a single preparation, is more convenient of application than any other.

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FOR ARTISTIC

JOB PRINTING

TRY THE FREEMAN.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

UNLIKE ANY OTHER

For INTERNAL and EXTERNAL use.

GENERATION AFTER GENERATION HAVE USED AND BLESSED IT.

SOOTHING-HEALING

Dropped on Sugar, Children Love It.

Every Traveler should have a bottle of it in his satchel.

Every Sufferer From Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Nervous Headache, Diphtheria, Coughs, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, Cholera Morbus, Diarrhœa, Lameness, Soreness in Body or Limbs, Stiff Joints or Strains, will find in this old Anodyne relief and speedy cure. Pamphlet free. Sold everywhere. Price 35 cts., by mail, 6 bottles, Express paid, $2. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

STRATTON

Band Instruments, Snare and Bass Drums.

Fifes, Piccolos, Clarionets, Cymbals and all Instruments pertaining to Brass Bands and Drum Corps.

Send for Illustrated Catalogue.

JOHN F. STRATTON & SON, 43 & 45 Walker Street, New York.

PORTRAYED IN LARD.

Busts of Famous Personages from the Chisel of the Center Market Sculptor.

The sculptors in Greece are celebrated, but a "sculptor in grease" is something of a novelty in the art world. Nevertheless, Washington possesses such a phenomenal artist, who finds scope for the exhibition of his genius, not in classic marble or plastic clay, says the Washington Post, but models bas-reliefs in lard and busts in butterine. His name is B. C. Ford, and his studio is at the west of Center market.

The way Mr. Ford entered upon his artistic career was entirely by accident. It is his custom to pile fifty or sixty pounds of lard upon his counter, and one day he carelessly picked up a knife and carved a bas-relief portrait in the side. It was merely an ideal head, drawn at random, but possessed such merit as to attract considerable attention and custom from the marketers. Senator Manderson, who happened along, was particularly struck with the portrait, which he declared to be a remarkable likeness of Sir Walter Raleigh.

Since then Mr. Ford has continued his experiments, and developed considerable skill in manipulating his novel material for modeling. His tools are ordinary carving knives, with which he chisels out in rough some ideal face. The features are afterward molded and smoothed by the fingers, the warmth of which renders the lard plastic. When this has been done to the artist's satisfaction he dips his fingers in ice-water, which chills and fixes the features, at the same time imparting a marble-like gloss to the bust, and showing almost translucent in the electric light.

Among the subjects he has treated, in addition to a number of ideal heads, are portrait busts of Walt Whitman, Mrs. Morrell and Sitting Bull, the latter of which, being artistically decorated with turkey-feather plumes, attracted great attention. Indeed, a crowd always surrounds the sculptor as he works, and his productions have become a standard attraction to the market.

The last bust he made was that of a beautiful girl. The modeling of this piece was of really high artistic merit, and it was considered by connoisseurs as worthy of a place in the Corcoran gallery. But a sad fate overtook the fair lady of lard. As the weather grew warmer she visibly drooped and sickened. Great, greasy tears gathered in her downcast eyes, and her head bowed gracefully as if in deep grief. The sword of impending calamity hung over her; one day it dropped and off went her fair head, so Mr. Ford named her after the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scotts.

Mr. Ford is considering an offer to exhibit some of his work at the world's fair, the pieces being protected in glass refrigerators from the effects of heat.

WAR ON ARAB SLAVERS.

Breaking Up the Business of Raiders from Khartoum.

The Congo Free State has received a report from Capt. Ponthier, who has been stationed about a year between the Mobangi-Makua and the Congo rivers, with regard to his fights with the Arab slave dealers from Khartoum and his successful efforts to defeat their attempts to ravage the country south of the Congo.

He found in September last, says the New York Sun, that large bands of these Arabs had established themselves in strongly-fortified towns on islands in the Makua river, that they had laid waste large districts north of the river, and that prompt measures must be taken or they would extend their murderous raids to the tribes further south. The chiefs all through the southern part of his district were terribly frightened by the news that reached them of Arab atrocities in the northern districts. They eagerly welcomed the news that Capt. Ponthier was about to lead an expedition against the Arabs, and decided to help him with a considerable force of native warriors.

The captain was therefore able to set out for the Arab towns late in October, with about two hundred well-armed soldiers of the state and upward of one thousand natives armed with spears. His march was so rapid that he took the Arabs by surprise, and after a hard battle, in which about one hundred of the enemy were killed, they fled from their strongest village, and crossing to the north shore of the river scattered in all directions. Night came too soon to permit Ponthier to follow up his victory, but the next day and for three days after he attacked the towns on other islands with similar success, driving all the Arabs across the river and getting possession of two hundred and fifty slaves whom they had recently captured.

A great number of these unfortunates had been fastened together by iron chains attached to rings that had been placed around their necks. They told sad stories of their terrible sufferings. As usual, the Arabs had killed or driven into the jungle to perish about five persons for every one they captured. Their fortifications were found to be of unusual strength. Several rows of palisades surrounded each village. Capt. Ponthier thinks that he has stopped the progress of the Arabs in this direction.

VALUE OF EVEN TEETH.

Public Speaking Interfered with by Irregular Molars—Dentistry's Progress.

Speaking with distinctness and comfort depends much upon a full and even set of teeth. If they are crowded and irregular, or if there is now and then one missing, it affects the voice at once and is very annoying to others who are obliged to listen to it. Public speakers often fail to produce the effect they desire upon their hearers from this cause and are not conscious of it themselves. Nothing contributes more to the beauty of the features than a perfect, regular, clean set of teeth, while a neglected, diseased mouth disgusts every beholder. Such things are noticed nowadays much more than formerly and good teeth and a sweet breath are considered indispensable to every lady and gentleman.

Filling the teeth is the only means of preserving them when decay commences. The science of dentistry is now so far advanced that the skillful operator can save and restore the teeth even where they have been badly decayed and abscessed. Some wonderful cases have been presented in the last few years of teeth seemingly beyond the hope of saving, where the science and skill of modern dentistry has restored them again to usefulness, much to the joy and surprise of the patients. Fifty years ago the great study of the dentist was how to make artificial teeth; now, according to the Domestic Monthly, all the resources of science and art are brought to bear, and the whole force of dental education at the present day is centering upon, the one great work of saving the natural teeth.

Lassoing an Eagle.

Antone Nelson, a Colorado cowboy, lassoed an eagle a few days ago. Nelson was riding over the prairie on his little cow pony with a lasso tied to his saddle, when he saw the eagle flying ahead of him, quite close to the ground. He started his pony on a run toward the bird, and when a short distance away threw his rope, which settled over the eagle's neck and under one wing, and he succeeded in getting the bird to the ranch house alive. The eagle measured eight feet from tip to tip of its wings.

S. HAMILTON,

91 and 93 Fifth Avenue, PITTSBURG,

HAS PUT

MUSIC IN THE AIR!

WORKINGMEN AND TOILERS

Whether With Hands or Head,

TAKE THIS TO HEART.

ORGANIZE BRASS BANDS AND ORCHESTRAS

During the coming campaign you will easily earn

DOUBLE THE PRICE OF YOUR INVESTMENT,

Besides the pleasure you will have and the future profit. We have purposely ordered for just such trade as yours—an immense stock of

Instruments of Our Own Importation,

Direct from the great factores of the world and are guatanteed to be of the very best, choicest quality, but which we propose to sell at ONE PROFIT ONLY. No middle men and small dealers' profit, but sold to you direct at IMPORTERS' PRICES. No matter what interested parties may try to make you believe, just come straight to

HEADQUARTERS FOR MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, BRASS BAND AND ORCHESTRA INSTRUMENTS AND TRIMMINGS.

Violins, Guitars, Mandolins, Banjos, Fifes, Cornets, Drums, Music; indeed everything musical. Also, the MATCHLESS DECKER BROS. PIANOS, the Artistic MODEL KNABE & CO. PIANO, the world-renowned BRILLIANT FISCHER PIANO, and the ESTEY, and

STORY & CLARK ORGANS,

all of which you know leads the musical world in quality and character of their goods. While we put the prices down to you at such rates, and on such

EASY TERMS OF PAYMENT

As puts one of these elegant instruments within the reach of

Every Man Who Loves His Home and Children

You should have a Decker Bros. or Knabe or Fisher, or Estey, and Story & Clark instrument, instead of some cheap or unknown or perhaps some old fossil make. Therefore have only one of the above named instruments. Have no other. Also remember that for either Pianos or Organs, Bands and Orchestra instruments we will make to you the very lowest Single Profit Prices, and EASY TERMS OF PAYMENT. Also remember to write direct to the house, or call personally at the salesrooms in the

Great Hamilton Building.

Everybody knows where the Hamilton Building is 91 & 93 Fifth avenue, Pittsburg.

P. S.—If you wish to call in the evening, just drop a postal card to S. Hamilton when you will call and the rooms will be kept open.

B. J. LYNCH,

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PARLOR AND CHAMBER SUITS,

LOUNGES, BEDSTEADS,

TABLES, CHAIRS,

Mattresses, &c.,

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☞ Citizens of Cambria County and all others wishing to purchase honest FURNITURE, &c., at honest prices are respectfully invited to give us a call before buying elsewhere, as we are confident that we can meet every want and please every taste. Prices the very lowest. [4-16-'80-tf.]

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

Is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE

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ENGINES, SAW MILLS, THRESHING MACHINES.

Best Machinery at Lowest Prices.

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JOHN F. STRATTON & SON,
43 & 45 Walker St. NEW YORK.

Importers and Wholesale Dealers in all kinds of

MUSICAL MERCHANDISE,

Violins, Guitars, Banjos, Accordeons, Harmonicas, &c., all kinds of Strings, etc., etc.

Happy and content is a bride with "The Rochester;" she lives in the light of the morning. *To learn more, write Rochester Lamp Co. New York.*

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The Standard Oil Company, of Pittsburg, Pa., make a specialty of manufacturing for the domestic trade the finest brands of

Illuminating and Lubricating Oils,

Naphtha and Gasoline

That can be

MADE FROM PETROLEUM.

We challenge comparison with every known product of petroleum. If you wish the most

Most : Uniformly : Satisfactory : Oils

in the market ask for ours.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY,

PITTSBURG, PA.

oct18-89-1yr.

HE Missed his Opportunity! DON'T Miss Yours, Reader. The majority neglect their opportunities, and from that cause live in poverty and die in obscurity! Harrowing despair is the lot of many, as they look back on lost, forever lost, opportunity. **Life is passing!** Reach out. **Be up and doing.** Improve your opportunity, and secure prosperity, prominence, peace. It was said by a philosopher, that "the Goddess of Fortune offers a **golden** opportunity to each person at some period of life; embrace the chance, and she pours out her riches; fail to do so and she departs, *never to return*." How shall you find the golden opportunity? Investigate every chance that appears worthy, and of fair promise; that is what all successful men do. Here is an opportunity, such as is not often within the reach of laboring people. Improved, it will give, at least, a grand start in life. The golden opportunity for many is here. **Money** to be made rapidly and honorably by any industrious person of either sex. All ages. You can do the work and live at home, wherever you are. Even beginners are easily earning from **$5** to **$10** per day. You can do as well if you will work, not too hard, but industriously; and you can increase your income as you go on. You can give spare time only, or all your time to the work. Easy to learn. Capital not required. We start you. All is comparatively new and really wonderful. We instruct and show you how, **free.** Failure unknown among our workers. No room to explain here. Write and learn all **free**, by return mail. Unwise to delay. Address at once, **H. Hallett & Co., Box 880, Portland, Maine.**

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WALTERS' METALLIC **SHINGLES** are made from the best brands of roofing Tin plate, and steel sheets galvanized. You can buy them painted or not. Our galvanized Shingles are rain and rust proof, without the necessity of painting. Our painted Tin Shingles are more durable and ornamental than it is possible to make a tin roof, put on in the old fashioned style. Write for price list K.

THE NATIONAL SHEET METAL ROOFING CO., 9 Cliff street, New York. 5-13 92-6m

MEN BE MANLY

We send the marvelous French Remedy CALTHOS free, and a legal guarantee that CALTHOS will STOP Discharges & Emissions, CURE Spermatorrhea, Varicocele and RESTORE Lost Vigor.

Use it and pay if satisfied.

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HOW GLACIERS ARE FORMED.

Interesting Facts Regarding the Wonderful Monsters of Frozen Territory.

When a large tract of mountain surface is exposed above the snow line, and when the precipitation exceeds that which can be removed by melting or by evaporation, the surplus snow gradually collects in the valleys and gorges, and slowly—almost imperceptibly—moves down the slope far below the usual limit. Thus are formed the well-known "rivers of ice," or glaciers. The best-known glaciers are in Switzerland, where some four hundred, varying in length from five to fourteen miles, are scattered through the Alpine valleys. Their width varies from half a mile to one mile, and their greatest thickness, it is estimated, is somewhere about one thousand feet. But these, when compared to some of our Greenland or Alaska glaciers, become very insignificant. Muir glacier, for instance, occupies a tract some thirty or forty miles wide, from which nine main streams and seventeen branches unite to form a grand trunk, that pushes a mighty wall of solid ice, 5,000 feet wide and 700 feet deep, into Glacier bay. The great Humboldt far outstrips this, being fully 115 miles wide and some 2,000 feet in thickness. Nordenskjold, who penetrated 123 miles inland, was unable to find its end. Goldthwaite's Geographical Magazine thinks that in all probability it is an arm of one gigantic field of ice, capping the interior of Greenland, and moving gradually but ceaselessly toward the sea.

These monsters, however, are much more difficult to study than their smaller brothers in Switzerland, so we will leave them and see what there is to be seen on and about one of the latter. Beginning with his bleak, dreary birthplace, some two or three thousand feet above the snow line, and following it to the point where it is transformed into a muddy torrent, we will first select some summit having about that elevation. Here the light, powdery snow, which is but slightly affected by the heat of the sun, is blown hither and thither by the winds, and finally deposited in the gulches and ravines. There it accumulates until, principally by its own weight, it begins to creep down the slope to the valleys below. As it gradually approaches the snow line it is more and more affected by solar heat, which every day converts the surface snow into myriads of tiny rills. These trickle into every possible crack and cranny and, during the night, are frozen solid again. Thus, through a succession of freezing and thawing, the entire mass acquires a coarse, granular composition, quite unlike the soft, powdery substance which it was farther up the slope.

But all this time fresh deposits of snow are being piled on top. These naturally tend to compress it, and of course are in their turn compressed by still more recent falls. In this manner, with the aid of radiation, the neve, as it is called, passes, by insensible gradatiens, into clear, solid ice—the glacier proper. This ends its formation.

WOULDN'T TAKE PAY.

A Bootblack's Neat Reply to the Remark of a One-Legged Veteran.

Two men stood on a New York street corner chatting, one having his boots blacked the while, the other trying to keep a poor cigar burning. The latter, says the New York Herald, had but one leg. When the ragged little bootblack had got through with the one and collected a nickel he tapped his box smartly with his brush and looked up at the one-legged man:

"Shine 'em up, sir?"

"Why, I've only got one foot, young chap."

"Shine 'em up, sir?"

"Well, I don't know—you charge a nickel for two feet. I s'pose you'll do mine for two and a half cents, eh?"

"Yes," said the boy, "if you'll furnish the change." He went industriously to work polishing up the lonely foot, while the two men continued joking. The one-legged man was telling the other fellow about leaving his leg on the slope of Lookout mountain. He had pulled out a ten-cent piece mechanically, as he talked, and the boy was a long time on the job. When the lad had put an extra fine polish on the broad buttoned shoe, the one-legged customer cheerily tendered the dime.

"I always pay double," said he, laughing patronizingly, "on account of the wear and tear on the boy's feelings."

"An' I allus don't take nothing'," retorted the dirty little fellow, shouldering his box with the conventional swing. "My grandpa left a leg in the war an' I don't take nothin' fur a one leg job, see?—on account o' de wear an' tear on me feelings—see?" he added, slyly.

And he swaggered away with an air of independence that struck the two men speechless with amazement.

MEN OF DISTINCTION.

Garfield lacked the statesman's gift of remembering faces, and Secretary Foster says that after all his years in congress he did not know more than fifty men personally.

Secretary Rusk is credited with having been able to reduce the amount of deaths among cattle at sea resulting from cruel treatment from 16 per cent. to 1 per cent. on the $25,000,000 worth annually exported.

The friends of the late Harry Edwards subscribed $10,000 dollars and the American Museum of Natural History $5,000 towards the purchase for the museum of the Edwards Entomological Collection

The people of Galveston are endeavoring to raise money to build a monument to the memory of Gen. Bankhead Magruder. The remains of that distinguished confederate chief now lie in the Galveston cemetery without even a marble headstone to mark the grave.

The late Dr. Walter Channing, one of the leading physicians of Boston, who lived to be 90 years of age, once told Col. Higginson that in all of his wide experience he had never seen anyone afraid to die when the last moment drew near.

SCRAPS OF LITERATURE.

Literary ladies in England have achieved a great step in progress. They dined last year together as the "Literary Ladies." This year they have modified their title to that of "Literary Women."

Marie Corelli is only the pen name of the writer whose works have won the approval of Queen Victoria. She is a daughter of the late Dr. Charles Mackey and her name is Marion Mackey.

A Norwegian professor has come to the defense of Mary Queen of Scots by publishing a book designed to prove that the luckless queen has been blamed for many things of which she was innocent.

Tennyson will soon be 83 years old. Various biographies of him put 1810 and 1811 as the year of his birth, yet the parish registers of Somersby record 1809 as the year, and the entry is made in the handwriting of his father.

Educated Marines.

The English royal marines are unsurpassed by any troops in the world. They enlist with a character, and they learn a trade. They serve for twelve years, or for twenty-one with a pension, instead of being turned adrift at twenty-four. And when they are discharged there is competition for them among employers.

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DARKY PROVERBS.

Quaint and Characteristic Bits of Wit and Wisdom.

No more comprehensive or pessimistic line could be formulated by the most culture-wearied scholastic than this proverb of the cotton fields:

"Live, learn; die and forgit all."

The most optimistic, easy-going race on earth, they have put all of their pessimism out of their hearts into their proverbs, as for instance:

"Tain't no good ter kill de crane atter he done fly ober de comb ob de roof and call for a corpse."

"Who but a fool 'll hang up a horseshoe on de upper limb ter make a belted tree grow off fast."

"Mistakes ain't haystacks or dere'd be mo' fat ponies dan what dere is."

These accentuate the worth to the human race of labor and sorrow:

"Troubles is val'able: ev'y bile on yer flesh is worth good five dollar to [illegible]."

"Plowin' in de cotton patch ain't easy, but dry corn cakes ain't good and greasy."

In their preaching, telling of religious experiences, praying and singing, they are wonderfully virile and original of speech:

"De preacher can't do nothin' widout de sinner; no mo' 'n de ax blade kin cut a log widout de swing of de helve behind it."

Many of their aphorisms embody that happy-go-lucky carelessness that is so much a part of the negro character:

"You can't in fifty year work put as much gold in yo' pocket as de moon kin put in de [illegible] of a yaller summer night."

"De laziest man kin make de biggest fire."

"Tarryin' ain't carryin' an' hit's heap easier work; ef de rabbit don't git a chance ter stop in de race and lick his fore foot, den de dog sho' can't ketch brer bunny in dat day's race."

"Weather signs good for some folks, but when de corn silks, den don't wake me in de midst of de night ter tell me de summer's come."

"A pack er lies is like a pack er cur dogs; dee don't excite nor disturb nobody but dem what sicks 'em and sends 'em."

"Little sense or silence'll stop a big fuss; stick a straw in de ear of de bilin' pot and 't won't bile over."—Martha Young, in Chautauquan.

A MAN OF HONOR.

Jeff Didn't Go Back on His Word. He Knew a Better Way.

Jeff Bryant and his brother Abe each owned large tracts of land near Boston, and they were bachelors.

One day the brothers agreed that the one that married first should have the other's land in addition to his own. One Sunday, about nine years ago, Abe called at Jeff's house.

"Good morning, Jeff."

"How d'ye do, my boy," answered Jeff.

"Jeff, you remember that marriage agreement we made?" asked Abe.

"Well, I reckon I do," said Jeff. "What about it?"

"I'm going to be married Wednesday. Are you ready to keep the agreement?"

"Sure as you're alive," answered Jeff. "I hain't got no use for a man as will go back on his word."

"Well, you are right, Jeff, and you shall be my best man."

So the compact was sealed, but Jeff did not intend to give up his eleven hundred acres so easily. He just fooled Abe. Instead of waiting for Abe to get married on Wednesday, Jeff hitched up and called on a neighbor's daughter, and proposed that very Sunday night. He was accepted, and they were married Monday.

Then he went to Abe, saying:

"Abe, that little agreement of ours, you remember—"

"Yes; well?"

"You see, I was married this morning and want to know if you allow to keep your promise."

"Well, this is a little suddint like, but I reckon it's all right. I'll keep my word."

And he did. Abe transferred his property to Jeff! On Wednesday Abe was married as per contract, and went to live on a rented tract of land.

Singularly enough, the brothers have been good friends all these years.—Chicago Tribune.

IRISH HOSPITALITY.

The Peculiar Trait of a Peasant Shown in a Cup of Tea.

Coming in tired from a long walk I went to my room to lie down, says a writer in Harper's Bazar, and on my way left a message for Mary: "Tell Mary to make me a cup of tea—strong and bring it upstairs."

In the course of time there appeared at my door Mary's round, smiling face, surrounded by its curly kinks of hair, that, in turn, was surmounted by the green and gold metal butterfly which was its daily adornment.

"It's an Irish cup of tea I'm bringin' you, ma'am," she said.

"An 'Irish cup of tea,' Mary? And what is that?"

"It's a cup flowin' into the saucer, ma'am."

I laughed as I took the "Irish cup of tea." "Wait and take down the cup, Mary." And Mary stood beamingly beside me while I drank the tea. "So that's the kind of cup you get at home, Mary, is it—the tea running into the saucer?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am," she said. "When ye give a cup of tea to a friend, ye're not givin' plenty unless it's flowin' into the saucer. We'd not be insultin' a friend wid a cup that wasn't full. At home it's mane ye are if ye don't fill the cup runnin' over."

It is the fashion to-day to prefer German, Swede or Danish servants to Irish. The Irish have, indeed, many faults, and those of us who daily bear with some of the most obvious of them are only too apt to be blind to the actual virtues of these Irish peasant girls. They have many a virtue. The Irish cup of tea is not a bad exponent of the national character as we see it displayed in our kitchens. Generous to lavishness, careless to sloppiness, quick-tempered, but kind-hearted, and warm as an Irish cup of tea is warm, and just about as much to be depended upon if something of a more substantial nature does not go with it.

But an Irish cup of tea is a good greeting to one who is tired or cold, and, as we drain it, we find in the bottom of the cup the pretty bit of Irish poetry:

"A cup flowin' over for a friend."

AROUND THE GLOBE.

Belgium, by adopting Greenwich time, has stolen seventeen minutes from old Father Time.

Weaving was practiced in China more than 1,000 years before it was known elsewhere.

In South America there is a race of cats to which "meowing" is an unlearned accomplishment.

Two-thirds of the total number of children under ten years of age in the United Kingdom are insured in one form or another.

The Red Sea is for the most part blue. It gets its name from the fact that portions of it are covered by minute animalculæ which dye the surface of the water red where they float.

The longest canal in the world is the one which extends from the frontier of China to St. Petersburg. It measures in all 4,472 miles. There is another canal running from Astrachan to St. Petersburg which is 1,434 miles long. Both of these were begun by Peter the Great.